Republican Journal.

VOLUME 40. BELFAST, MAINE, THURSDY, MARCH 17, 1870. NUMBER 36.

Farm, Garden, and Household.

From the American Stock Journal.)

DIFFERENT BREEDS OF CATTLE.

JERSEY OR ALDERNEY. The Jersey, sometimes called Alderney cow, is a small animal, frequently not weighing more than 600 lbs., very hardy, thriving on both little and coarse feed, and a great pet among breeders who know her good qualities. Her capacity for butter making is astonishing. Kept in an ordinary way, with no extra care or feed, 200 pounds is not unusual, though the yield of milk is not great. The quantity of butter is far superior to that from any other breed, sells constantly and readily in the markets of the great cities, for 75 cents and a dollar a pound. One other peculiarities is the long time she gives milk. A certain breeder who always dried his cows off before calving, found that he could not do this with the Jerseys, and had to milk them to the day of dropping the calf. One of his cows never dried up at all in three years, though she had two calves in that time.

"The richness of the milk and the long time she continues to give it, more than compensate in my mind, for the larger quantities some other breeds give."

The cow has been bred at home among an exceedingly poor people, and is the poor man's cow there. Here in the United States, the breed is mostly in the hands of rich people and fancy farmers, and the prices are high, cows selling for $100 to $300. Lady Pigott, an aristocratic lady fancier of this breed, in England, paid $2,500—or 500 guineas, for Victoria Regia, a fancy cow, and she declares that she was the most profitable animal that ever was on her farm. For the dairy, the Jersey cow seems to be acknowledged to be at the head of all the breeds.

The true points, we should aim at for the perfection of the Jersey cow, should be

Head fine, long, narrow between the eyes, dished and fleshless—horns short, fine, amber color at base, pointed with black, and crumpled—eyes black, large, not too prominent, placid, with a well developed orbit—tongue black—ears thin, small, and orange within—cheek thin—neck light or lean, with a slight fall from the shoulders—throat clean—dewlap scanty—breast not too broad—shoulders slanting from front, back rather thin and light—back perfectly level from the shoulders to drop of tail—girth rather round, and forming a waist-like appearance when viewed from the side—ribs standing well out and deep, giving the animal a great capacity for food. All flat-sided animals diminishing width of loins and pelvis, are objectionable. Flank very deep—loins wide—pelvis wide, giving the cow a square walk and plenty of room to accommodate a large udder—rump long and pretty level—length increasing also capacity for bag—the tail should be long and whip-like—the thighs must be broad and thin—(a fleshy one, belonging to beefy cattle, leaving no room for the development of udder.) The escutcheon must be broad and running all the way up to the vulva, the hair thereon being fine and velvety to the feel—the udder should run well under the belly and well up behind, and ought to be much shrunk after milking—the teats must be of full size, not funnel-shape, and standing well apart from each other—must never point to the belly sideways, but to the ground, where the pail stands for milk—milk veins well developed, running in a zigzag course, and entering the belly by a large cavity.—The fore arm must not be too large or muscular, the hock flat and wide, the joints well defined, the canon-bones small and rather round in the fore-legs and flat in the hind ones, and hoofs small, black, yellow or striped. Shin thin and yellow and mellow. The general health of the animal must be good, and should show vigor.

CARE OF YOUNG PIGS IN WINTER.

We copy the following from the American Agriculturist for February:

It seems to be generally admitted that the stock of pigs in the United States is unusually light. At any rate, pork brings a very high price, and this fact, in the face of a tight money market, is pretty conclusive evidence that the supply is not equal to the demand. It is not improbable that farmers will make, or have already made, an unusual effort to raise a large number of pigs next spring, and if we have a good corn crop next year, we may see a marked decline in pork trade in the winter of 1870-1. But the indications now are that pork will be in demand through the coming summer and early autumn, and we should make it a point to have our pigs in such high condition that we can avail ourselves of the high prices. Every farmer who has a litter of fall pigs should see to it that they are kept growing rapidly through the present winter, and during next spring and summer. A well-bred fall pig can easily and profitably be made to dress 250 or 300 pounds at ten months old. But to accomplish this it is absolutely essential that the pigs be provided with comfortable quarters through the winter, and are furnished with a liberal and regular supply of nutritious food. We do not advocate fattening pigs during our northern winters, but we do most earnestly advocate keeping young pigs growing vigorously. So far as our observation extends, half our farmers do little more than keep their young pigs alive during the winter. Whatever food the young pigs eat is lost. They do not gain a pound, and they are so stunted that half the summer is past before they get into a thriving condition. No wonder such farmers say "pigs don't pay." Pigs kept warm, dry, and comfortable through the winter, with food enough to keep them nearly fat, will, when spring comes, grow with great rapidity on food but little better than that which is ordinarily given to store pigs at that season; and so all through the summer, the effect of the good food and treatment in winter will be very decided. With the run of a good clover pasture, and the wash from the house and dairy, with a pint or so of corn a day, these well-wintered pigs will gain rapidly, and will at any time be ready for the butcher. No matter what the price of pork may be, we are satisfied, from experience and observation, that if pigs are kept at all, the only profitable way is to keep them well. They may not always pay, but the liberal feeder has a better chance of getting his money back than the farmer who half starves his pigs. It is true that one of the objects of keeping pigs is that they may eat food that would otherwise be wasted, and we would not be understood as advocating anything inconsistent with this idea. If possible, however, the "scavengers of the barnyard" should be full-grown breeding sows. Young, growing pigs whether intended for breeding purposes or for fattening for the butcher, should never be left entirely to chance food that they can pick up. Let them have the run of the yards in winter, and pick up all the food they can find, but never suffer them to depend on this alone, unless there is abundant evidence that they can find all they need. Farmers should have a pair of platform scales and weigh their pigs occasionally, and they would then ascertain whether their pigs were receiving good treatment and a proper amount of food. We have just weighed some, at four months old, that averaged 80 pounds each. They ought to be so fed through the winter as to gain 25 pounds a month, and, as they get older and the weather gets warmer, they should gain a pound a day; and when summer comes, with milk and clover, and a little corn meal, they should gain 1 1-2 pounds a day; and for the last month or six weeks before killing, they should gain nearly 2 pounds a day. We know that this can be done, and we also feel certain that, at the present price of pork and grain, no branch of farming affords a greater profit than liberal feeding of well bred pigs. Next to liberal feeding, a dry, warm pen is of the greatest importance. Better have a good pen, so constructed that neither wind, nor rain, nor snow can enter; but, in the absence of such a pen, the farmer is inexcusable who does not contrive some plan for keeping his pigs warm and comfortable. If made of boards, a few laths can be used as battens to stop up the cracks. We have seen pigs shivering in a pen close to a heap of stable litter, where half an hour's labor with a fork would have made the pen comfortable. No matter how the snow and wind are kept out. Any thing that will stop up the cracks will answer. With litter or cornstalks a rail pen may easily be made comfortable. We repeat—feed the young pigs well this winter, keep them growing rapidly in spring, and then, next summer or autumn, you can avail yourselves of the unusual demand there will probably be for good pork. Neglect the pigs this winter, and the probabilities are that your pigs will not be ready to kill before the price has declined. Recollect that, in any case, whether prices decline or not, liberal feeding is more profitable than a starvation diet for six months, and afterwards a surfeit of corn.

HOW TO GET EGGS IN WINTER. Last year after the pigs were killed, all the refuse of the house was saved for the hens. It was thrown into a large soup-kettle, kept behind the stove; skimmed milk was added to it, all bits of fat and gristle, cabbage leaves, potato and squash parings, etc., etc. At noon it was boiled up, and every third day one heaping tablespoonful of ground red pepper was added, and it was fed to sixteen hens and one rooster. They were mixture of Brahma Pootras and White-Leghorns, from pure breeds obtained the previous year. Every morning they were fed with grain—one day, oats, another, screenings from the mill; another, shelled corn; and a good supply of fresh water was at hand. The boiled food was not given to them till January. About the last of the month they began to lay. At first one, then three, and by the middle of February eight eggs, each day, were regularly brought in. This continued with few exceptions, till the middle of March; then the hens showed some disposition to set, and were accommodated. A nice warm place in the cellar was given them, and in due season chickens were produced. In April, we counted twenty-two dozen of eggs for the month! Eggs were fairly a drug in our domestic economy. This year the pigs were slaughtered at Thanksgiving, then the hens came in for the swill. Old plaster lies in a box ready for their use; wood-ashes are piled up for them to roll in; a variety of grain is fed out; and now as I write, in Christmas week, the eggs begin to come in by twos and threes and fours. We are now in the midst of a thaw, but the mercury has sunk five degrees below zero. In those days, pepper was given daily—now we give none. The secret lies in the boiled, well peppered food, and variety of grain. If variety serves to spice our lives, it also serves to give us eggs. Eggs can be produced "in the season of ice and snow," just as well as in the month of June and roses. Give the needed elements to produce them, feed your hen-engines aright, and the purely white spheroids will be daily deposited; and the luxury of fresh eggs in winter will be at your command.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

A Maine farmer fattened a cow chiefly on turnips, and the result surpassed expectation. The beef was of fine quality, and the tallow unusually abundant.

Hens, this season of the year, are very liable to devour their eggs, unless supplied with a variety of nourishing food at regular hours, several times every day.

Sweet apples are excellent for milch cows, when fed in connection with cut feed, or hay. Four quarts fed daily after other feed will be more satisfactory than eight quarts fed at one time.

Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses, but keep them in high working order with straw, roots and shorts. The equivalent of twelve tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

Dr. Voelcker says, "Placed in a heap with ashes or sand, occasionally moistened with liquid manure or water, bone enteres into putrefaction and becomes a more soluble and energetic manure than ordinary bone dust.

Some one has recommended giving a cow from which the greatest quantity of milk is expected a pailful of slightly warm water, in which a quart of bran has been mixed, and a little salt added. This is to be given three times daily.

A writer in the Mark Lane Express, strongly advocates working bulls. In his own case he uses bridle, collar and saddle. He says it is remarkable how soon a surly bull may be taught obedience by a man of good common sense, courage and firmness.

In Great Britain and Ireland, and also in various parts of the continent of Enrope, weeding tongs made of wood or iron, shaped like large pincers and provided with grooves or teeth to hold the plants, are used by farmers for pulling thistles out of tillage and pasture land.

It frequently occurs in spring, when the farmers are feeding their cows on rutabagas or turnips, that the milk becomes so strongly impregnated by their disagreeable taste and odor as to be unfit for butter-making. To obviate this, put a pinch of finely powdered saltpetre into every gallon of cream.

A DUEL BY GASLIGHT.

A duel was tought at one of the fashionable up-town houses in New York a few days since, between a Cuban named Francisco de Porto, and an Englishman named George Proude. The difficulty between these two gentlemen was occasioned by Proude—during a heated discussion of Cuban affairs—spitting in the face of Porto. The New York Herald says:

The combatants were determined to fight. Both were good swordsmen; both had wrongs—the Cuban to avenge the slander of his countrymen, his opponent to wipe out the stain that the defiant expectoration of De Porto had inflicted. With what weapons should they fight? Pistols? no; for, said they, "any fool can shoot; it takes a swordsman to fight a duel," and so swords were the weapons. De Porto insisted on foils, but Proude desired the ordinary sabre used by the cavalry. This question formed the subject of much wrangling, but finally De Porto consented, and so far matters afforded mutual satisfaction. All this occurred up town, near the house of a common friend, and a fashionable one at that, in West Nineteenth street.

To that house, then, the parties, accompanied by their seconds on Sunday night, repaired. There was no noise, no unusual sound to disturb the quietude of the place. Few were aware that within an hour one of two human beings might probably breathe his last. The preparations were made in silence, and the hour of two o'clock yesterday morning was awaited with anxiety. The edges of the keen blades were carefully examined and for a lengthened period scarcely a word was spoken.

It was two o'clock. In the spacious back parlor of the house in question the parties assembled ere the echo of the chimes had died out. Both combatants stripped for the contest, the seconds now and then whispering something to those about to engage. Only a half dozen persons were present, each one of whom was absorbed by a nervous excitement. A splendid chandelier shed a flood of light around the room, though otherwise the place was excessively cold, so cold, indeed, as to necessitate the wearing of a thin walking coat by each of the duelists, both of whom were attired in tight pantaloons, all under clothing being entirely dispensed with. All the arrangements having been completed, the combatants announced their readiness to proceed.

A dead silence ensued, while an ashy paleness seemed to be the prevalent complexion of every man in the room. The word was given, and the duelists crossed swords, and, having taken three paces backwards, the fight commenced. At first a slight timidity was apparent on both sides—not so much timidity, perhaps, as the nervous expectation incident to the opening of the encounter. Finally, after some little hesitation, De Porto advanced, Proude meanwhile on the alert to receive him. The scene was exciting. All at once the few spectators were startled by a sudden cut made by Proude at the head of his opponent, who, however, deftly parried and retired a pace or two. Up to the present both had observed a comparatively serene demeanor, but it was evident the duel could not be a prolonged one, each being bent on deadly strife. Having again crossed, great skill was displayed by both, their eyes flashing with fire, and endeavoring, as it were, to penetrate each other's intent.

Admirable swordsmanship was displayed, the cuts being rapid, well-directed, and parried with precision. Up to the present, which was about five minutes from the commencement, De Porto had escaped with a slight scratch on the chest, Proude being unharmed when suddenly, De Porto offering a tempting chance, Proude advanced upon him and inflicted a diagonal cut upon the right thigh. It was a fatal move for Proude, for no sooner had he leaned forward to make the cut than, with lightning-like rapidity, De Porte followed up the contrafilio, gashed his opponent on the right shoulder, causing a wound some five inches in length and about one and a half inches in depth, His sword arm was disabled.

Proude dropped his blade, exclaiming, "Enough for to-day: you will give me my revenge another time," to which De Porto replied:

"I am always at your disposition."

Subsequently the parties shook hands and the wounds were examined. That inflicted on De Porto, though some eight inches in length, was scarcely a quarter of an inch in depth, while Proude's was of a serious character, the blood streaming from it in profusion. He was immediately conveyed to his residence in Brooklyn, where proper assistance was procured.

And thus terminated the sanguinary contest, the chivalrous Cuban on the one hand vindicating the slight cast upon his countrymen, and the Englishman avenging the bitter insult he had sustained. At the conclusion of the duel De Porto—who by the way was an officer on the Lilian—intimated with marked coolness that he was at home in West Twenty-second street for any person who took the liberty of questioning the rectitude of the Cuban cause and its supporters in this city.

The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Herald thus discourses of the prospects of the paper credit investigatlon—

The present Paper Credit Investigating Committee are doing their best to obtain evidence which shall convict the defrauders of the State. Of course they are already spotted, but their tracks are too well covered as yet, as regards the sufficiency of evidence which would bring about their legal conviction. It is thought that the Report of the Investigating Committee of 1865-6 on the same subject would afford some new light if in the possession of the present committee. Accordingly "they went for it but it was not." Since that time nearly the whole legislative body have been on a grand hunt for it, but they have recently come to the conclusion that it has "gone where the woodbine twineth." Since the opening of the investigation, several well known individuals have placed large amounts of property "out of their hands."

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune—
And time stood still and wreathed its wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she, with me so cold and coy,
Seemed, little maid, bereft of sense:
But in the crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

She married—well—a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share—
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by—but I, content,
Trimmed my one lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ.
In old, half faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool! too late you look!
I know it: let me here record
This maxim; lend no girl a book,
Unless you read it afterward!

TRIGAUD.

A Souvenir of the Retreat from Moscow.

On the 18th of October, 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the prince d'Eckmubl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow, so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march that had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continued rain, the Emperor arrived on the 23d at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Marco-Jaroslavitz, where he depended on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian general, Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the Emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian general would make the attack; and, despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might erelong become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear. He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

"Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?" demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. "We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repass the left wing of Kutuzoff."

"Sire," replied the prince d'Eckmuhl, "perhaps, in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dullness which usually accompanies great fatigue."

"Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal?—Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues."

"It is true, Sire; but Moscow is not more than one hundred and sixty versts from Marco-Jaroslavitz. Four days' march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us."

"It is then a battle," said Napoleon, impatiently, as the cannon were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. "Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops, and infuse a little more spirit into them; for we must act now— not to conquer, but solely to preserve."

Notwithstanding the haste with which the marshal executed the orders of the emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of the action until the success ot the French troops had been assured. However, the combat raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, commanded by General Fryant, attempted to take possession of one of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigor. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aides-de-camp, the Colonel Koblenski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat the Prince d'Eckmulh was still uncertain of the fate of his aide-de-camp, and sought him on the field of battle, which presented a most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking on the blighted hopes of his Emperor, and mourning the sad fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier who, covered with blood, and endeavoring to extricate himself from a heap of carnage, that surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, "Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succor?"

It was Kloblinski. Davoust immediately recognized him, and leaping from his horse, gently raised him in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits and despatched a messenger for the surgeon general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wounds, and a glance with the marshal, told more eloquently than words could convey, how slight were the hopes entertained for the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

"It is a soldier's fate," said Davoust, with emotion. "Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost."

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the Emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to the future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the two first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to enquire after the state of Koblenski, returned and informed him that he still survived, and with proper care, might recover. The marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but he was perplexed as to the best means of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear, and already filled to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eighth regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of old grenadiers of the first battallion:

"Grenadiers," said he, "my aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblenski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?"

"No, no! Long live the Pole!" cried the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the marshal.

"Listen, then," said Davoust. "Are there amongst this company, which have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I sll impose?"

At this invitation a grenadier stepping from the ranks, exclaimed, briskly, "Here?" He was immediately followed by nineteen others: all the company did the same.

The marshal addressing the man who had first spoken, demanded his name.

"Joseph Trigaud."

"Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aide-de-camp. Thou and your comrades shall be answerable for him. Soldiers guard him as you would your colors!"

"Yes, yes! Vive l'Emperet! We are responsible!" cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid and carried to the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the mean time, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced still in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the cold, a frightful aspect of disorganization, selfishness and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst the immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the dragoons of Miloradowitz, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platov with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradully diminished; and when, on the 30th of October, they reached the Viazma, out of the entire company of grenadiers, not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men abandoned and left to themselves, preserved amidst the general discontent, that moral force, which conquers even events. It was their honor and not their lives that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that on of the most illustrious marshals of the Empeor had said to them, "To your honor and bravery I confide my aide-de-camp; you are to restore him to me." These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privation and even death.

After three weeks of continua hardship, the few men who remained of the heroic and devoted company scouted with didain, and looked upon as an affront the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacifices and sufferings, had besought them to releve themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

"Thou art but a coward," said he to Trigaud, "who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head."

"Colonel," said Trigaud with stoical indifference. "you may charge me with such, if you please, but I laughat it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the marshal, and he ever requires that his order should be obeyed."

"If you had buried me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to-day have suffered no more."

"The Cossacks would have disinterred and have burned you alive," replied Trigaud, who during the previous night had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. "These eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must take mine first—it is ready for them. Oh the savages."

"You are but a coward," repeated the Pole in a feverish transport which shook the litter on which he lay.

"Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carbines of the marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why then do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me, I shall not reply to you."

He who had spoken thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavoring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were, within twenty four hours changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice; owing to that circumstance, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours repose, he found that but four of his companions survived, the others having perished from the stupefying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the day closed, they distinguished, on the edge of the gloomy horizon, a line of houses, the route of which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk, the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as great luxuries might be procured—a fire, shelter, and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinski. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town; a fourth soon after shared the same fate; and but one grenadier,—Trigaud—was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him, he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceived some men at a distance, whom he called to his assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company; but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise made to the Prince d'Eckmuhl.

The next day Trigaud learned that the marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the very suburbs. The skeletons of horses which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood, by the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmuhl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw in the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard at an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the marshal.

"What seek you of him?" asked the officer, without changing his posture.

"I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Moro-Jaroslavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me."

"The prince is at this moment in council; you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded."

"Certainly," said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness: "but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty eighth regiment of the line, Fryant's division, first corps, to whom he entrusted the care of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders, and that the company are awaiting the honor of passing under his inspection."

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the latter part of the conversation, but who had not recognized in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble-looking grenadier, advanced, and demanded of him, "Where is my aide-de-camp?"

"He is here, at the door."

"And thy company," said Davoust, hastily.

At these words Trigaud took the posture of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied in a grave voice, "All present, my marshal!"

"I have demanded where are the company of the forty-eighth," repeated the prince in a tone of impatience.

"I have replied. Here!" and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

"But thy comrades,—where are they?"

"Ah, that is different, my marshal. You ask where I have left my comrades? That is your question—is it not?"

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

"Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss close by; the remainder are under the snow. All!"

"How. All?"

"All, without an exception," replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, seizing the arm of Trigaud convulsively, he repeated in an agitated tone—"All say you?"

"Yes, all except me,—I am the last."

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed, "He is here alive, it was I who brought him!"

THE LOSS OF THE ONEIDA.

A private letter from Dr. Suddard, the Surgeon of the Oneida, gives the following account of the loss of that vessel.

We left Yokohama at 5 P. M. on the 24th, and at 6.45 were run into by the Bombay on the starboard quarter, the whole of which was carried away. She struck us full with her sharp iron stem, and cut everything off as with a chisel; the wheel, steering gear, spanker boom and gaff and poop cabin were all carried away, and in 15 minutes she sunk in 14 fathoms of water, and out of a personel of 25 officers and 150 men, 9 officers and 54 men are left to tell the tale. The ward room dinner was just finishing at the time of the collision, and it seemed to me as if the whole side of the ship was coming bodily in on the dinner table. We all rushed on deck, and immediately everything was in the greatest confusion. As I stepped over the hatch combing I saw a large steamer just leaving us. He was hailed by our executive officer and requested to stay by us, but as far as I could judge they steamed away as fast as they could go. I walked aft on the quarter deck and saw that everything was smashed to pieces. I then looked over the quarter and saw the extent of the damage.

As I realized the position I noticed that the ward room boat, which hung at the port quarter, was manned by 10 or 12 men. I jumped on the rail and asked if an officer was in the boat. The men said no, and seeing who I was, said "Jump in, doctor," and securing hold of me two or three of them dragged me into the boat. I at once took charge, ordering a man at each fall to lower when ordered, having first cut all the fastening with knives. We staid thus until within three or four minutes of the ship's going down. During this time the boatswain and two or three men got into the boat, making the whole number 17. We were still hanging at the davits, when the ship began to roll in that peculiar way which procedes foundering, and the boat dashed against the side of the ship, threatening to dash her to pieces. I looked on the deck and saw no one abaft the mainmast, and gave the order to lower away and hang by the falls. The fall got jammed and had to be cut away with a knife. Had we been three minutes longer on the davits it would have been too late, as the vessel went down like a shot after starting, and the suction would have carried our boat down with the wreck.

As the coxswain cut the fall a junk, was seen close by under sail. We started for her, intending to bring her alongside if possible, and save life. Being under sail, however, and going free, she rapidly left us. In about two or three minutes we gave it up, and on turning to go back to the ship found that she had disappeared. We pulled to where we thought she had been, but seeing and hearing nothing, finally headed for shore, and landed about 8.30. I at once went up to a Japanese house, engaged three guides, and started for Yokohama, 25 or 30 miles distant. We crossed five mountains on the way, and had the most fatiguing tramp you can imagine. We arrived all safe at 4 o'clock on the 25th, when I spread the news, and sent down assistance to the wreck. The vessel was found yesterday, but no bodies as yet. The English consular court is investigating the matter.

All Yokohama has been extremely kind to the survivors. The feeling against the captain of the Bombay for not stopping is intense, and if the court endeavors to whitewash him violence may be attempted. No vessel that has ever been in the eastern waters was so popular as the Oneida. Even the English officers say they would rather the misfortune had happened to one of their own vessels. Of 12 officers eating dinner at the time of the collision, I am the only one left.

A BIG BACKER. Mr. C. S. Henry tells the following dog story in the last number of Hours at Home:

Those admirable gentlewomen of the old school, the Misses. R., long time my neighbors on the Passaic, had a carriage-dog that commonly accompanied them in their drives. Their course often took them across the river over a bridge some four miles from their residence. The keeper of the toll-house had a big, surly mastiff that always sallied out and attacked their dog, who was no match for him, and sometimes Beaujeu suffered severely; so that at length he declined accompanying them if they took the road up the river toward the bridge. The way through the lawn from their house to the high road was nearly half a mile. One day, when they came down to the gate, they found the dog there waiting for them. As soon as he saw them take the up-river road, he turned and ran with great speed back to the house. In a very little while he returned and overtook the carriage accompanied by a very powerful dog that ordinarily kept about the house and grounds, and never went with the carriage. The two trotted along, side by side, following the carriage, until they came to the bridge, when the mastiff sallied out as usual. The little dog then held back, and his big comrade went at the assailant and gave him a tremendous punishment, evidently to the little fellow's great satisfaction.

The ship builders and ship owners on the Penobscot river held a meeting at Belfast, Me., on Thursday, and passed resolutions deploring the present condition of the shipping interests, endorsing the report of the committee of congress and the bills reported by them on the subject, and asking for speedy legislation by congress as friendly as that enjoyed by citizens of other commercial nations. The protection insanity has pretty nearly run its course. We have protected manufactures so much that they have almost disappeared. We have tied ourselves up so tight with prohibitory duties that we cannot move, and the ship building interest can only flourish again when these artificial bonds are removed, and there is no longer a tax upon every article used in the construction of a ship. While we are about it let us strike at the root of the matter and not lop off the branches. Give us a tariff for revenue only, as the Indiana Republican state convention demanded the other day, and every article used in shipbuilding would be free and the builders of the Merrimac and the Penobscot would again compete successfully with those of the Clyde. [Newburyport Herald, (Republican.)

"OLD MOSCOW THE TRAPPER."

From the St. Paul Pioneer.

Victor Dunn, more familiarly known by many of the residents of Stillwater as "Old Moscow," the subject of this sketch, was, by birth a Russian, having been born in the year 1796, near the River Moskwa, in the vicinity of the city of Moscow. In 1812, being then a boy of 16 years of age, he was conscripted and forced into the army, then actively engaged fighting the legions of Napoleon; he was present and took part in the battle of Borodino, and afterward fought the French as the battle advanced toward the Russian capital. He witnessed the conflagration of Moscow, and followed the eagles of the French in their disastrous retreat toward the Nieman. It was a favorite theme of the old man to describe the scenes he underwent during that terrible campaign; how morning after morning, the French soldiers would be found dead about the bivouac fire, lying in the position in which the sleep of death overtook them during the night.

A Cross of the Legion of Honor, taken by him from the dead body of a French officer, at the crossing of the River Beresina, the old man was in the habit of exhibiting, and while looking at it exclaimed: "How I did pity the poor French." He used to say winter came on early that year (in October), as a punishment to Bonaparte. Leaving the army after the captivity of the French Emperor, Victor came to Quebec, and afterwards was for many years in the service of the Hudson Bay Company.

Some twelve years ago he came to Stillwater, where he used to fit out each winter for his trapping expeditions on the head waters of the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers. It was a singular sight to see the old man as he was on the point of starting out in the fall to his winter quarters. With his uncouth looking little mule laden with traps, kettles, cooking utensils and other camping apparatus, until scarcely any mule but ears were visible, followed by the old pointer dog, Moses, in single file, this strange retinue would take up the line of march to be seen no more until the melting of the snows in the spring.

In the early part of the present winter the spot selected by the old trapper for his winter's abode was on the borders of a small stream known as Trade River, a tributary of the Upper St. Croix, and it proved "the last earthly habitation" he would ever require.

Recently an exploring party in that vicinity were attracted to the hut by the mournful howling of a dog. Guided by the sound, their steps were directed to the little cabin, where a strange, sad sight met their gaze.—Near the entrance stood a diminutive mule, nearly dead with hunger. Beside him sat the dog, who, on the approach of the men, ran into the cabin as though to apprise his master that help was near. But no earthly assistance could avail his master. Sitting in a corner, rigid in death, was Victor. He had evidently died very suddenly, as in his right hand he held a large clasp knife, while across his knees, partially finished, lay a gun-rod. His gun, with the ramrod broken, stood near him; at his feet lay a trap, with an otter held in it.

Placing the body upon a bed, and arranging it as decently as circumstances would admit for burial, a careful examination of the clothing and effects was made, resulting in finding a memoranda of his age, place of birth, religion (which was Catholic), together with a statement to the effect that he had a sum of money concealed, and in case of his death, whoever should take care of him during his sickness or find his body after death, should get his money, use a sufficient sum to give his body proper burial, and retain the balance.

That as he had spent his life in the forest, he wished to lie there after death.

Attached to a rosary about the neck was found the "Cross of the Legion of Honor," so long worn by the old soldier in remembrance of the bloody days subsequent to the burning of Moscow.

On examination of the place designated in the memorandum, a sum of money in gold was found, how much is not known; it is presumed a considerable amount. The body lies buried near the old pine tree at the crossing of Trade River, many miles from the exciting scenes of his early life.

The two faithful companions who shared his wanderings are properly cared for, and many of those who in times past have listened to the old man as he grew eloquent with recounting his past history, will learn with regret the sad termination of the lonely life of "Old Moscow, the trapper."

A CARPET BAGGER'S ANTECEDENTS.

The ex-Reverend Whittemore, who has just left the House of Representatives in disgrace, is probably an average specimen of the genus carpet-bagger—that is, of the northern men who squatted in the South long enough to get elected to office by negro votes and the influence of administration bayonets. The Boston Courier "opens up" Whittemore in this style—

In 1868, when Whittemore was a candidate for re-election, some gentlemen residing in Whittemore's district applied to a gentleman in this city, for information in regard to him. Readers of the debate in the House, on Wednesday last, will remember that Mr. Poland of Vermont offered a resolution, directing the military Committee to summon and examine W. F. Shaw of this city and M. D. Landon of New York. The former gentleman was once an employee of Whittemore. The gentleman in pursuit of Whittemore's antecedents obtained an interview with Mr. Shaw and others, from whom he ascertained that, about twelve years before, Whittemore was a salesman in the store of Mr. Shaw. "In about eleven months he stole from his employer about $5000, was caught at it, arrested and locked up for four days. Shaw refused to receive compensation from Whittemore's friends, but offered to let him go, if he would make a written confession of the whole matter over his own signature, which he did, the document being witnessed by some well known gentlemen of this city." Other malfeasances, equally criminal, were brought to light, and the record was published in a local paper in Whittemore's district. But no heed was taken of the exposure. Federal bayonets again prevailed, and Whittemore was again elected a member of the Federal House of Representatives, exchanging his title of Reverend for that of Honorable, but still, in the language of the "Respectable Daily," acting as "the spiritual adviser and overseer of eighty thousand church members" during the recesses of Congress. A man may pack his carpet-bag and fly from the bruit of his misdeeds in Massachusetts to South Carolina, but he cannot escape so easily from himself and his evil genius. The cat in the fairy tale, who was metamorphosed into a beautiful princess, the moment a mouse ran across the royal saloon, grovelled on all fours and gave chase. The feline instincts could not be smothered. In like manner the Reverend Misdoer of Massachusetts, though transformed into an Honorable Congressman of South Carolina, has not been able to repress his triliteral propensities. The original Simon Pure Whittemore lurks under all disguises and titles.

THE LOSS OF THE ONEIDA--DISPATCH FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOMBAY.

WASHINGTON, March 7.

Secretary Fish has received a dispatch from the captain of the British steamer Bombay, which run into and sunk the Oneida, in which the commander says the Oneida was under both steam and sail at the time of the collision, and making about thirteen knots an hour, while his steamer was making but six, and he was cognizant of striking the Oneida, but says the jar was so light that he had no idea any injury was done to her, and therefore kept on his course. He makes no re

THE ONEIDA DISASTER.

The mails from Japan bring fuller accounts of the sad affair by which a United States ship was sent to the bottom, carrying with her one hundred and fifty brave and devoted men. A thorough investigation was being made into the circumstances at the latest dates from Yokohama. The following is the statement of the Captain of the Bombay.

TESTIMONY OF CAPTAIN EYRE.

Arthur Wellesley Eyre, sworn—I command the steamer Bombay: I was in command on the 24th of January. At about 6:15 P. M., on that day, the lighthouse at Kamasaki bearing S. 11 E., the spit W. by N., as near as could be judged, I saw a light a half-point on my port bow: it was a bright light; shortly afterwards I made out two lights,—side-lights green and red. I ordered the helm to be ported, and kept on porting until I shut the green light in. The pilot and chief officer were standing by my side on the bridge; I turned the steam-whistle on myself. In shutting off the green light my pilot said, "We are well clear, sir." My orders were, "Port still, the rule of the road, and we will give her a wide berth." The steam-whistle was turned off. Almost immdiately after this I saw the ship crossing my bows under full sail and steam, as far as I could see. I telegraphed and stopped the engines. As she got nearly ahead of me and close to, I put the helm hard a-starboard to clear her. Immediately after this the collision took place, our starboard bow striking her starboard quarter. The shock was not at all great, nothing more than a graze. I then turned round and looked astern, sent the chief officer down to see what damage was done and if the ship was making water, and said to the pilot, "I do not think there is much harm done; if there is, we shall see signals, rockets or lights that she wishes us to go down to her." I stopped the engines as nearly as I can tell about ten minutes. The chief officer came up to me and reported the ship making water forward. I then said, "I can see no signals of distress, and nothing can be wanted," and then steamed ahead for Yokohama, as the ship was making water and I had mails and passengers on board. But while standing and looking astern I asked the pilot, suppose the ship was hurt or that I should require it, where I could go for safety. The answer was, there is not the slightest fear, the spit is so near at hand a ship cannot go down. I then came up to Yokohama. Even after we got here I thought very little of the collision. I had not the slightest idea of the consequences except that I might merely have cut his quarter gallery off. Nothing else. I did not know what ship she was. I remarked as she passed that she was an auxiliary screw. I am a stranger to this port, never having been here before.

Examined by Mr. Barnard. After she opened out the green light I kept the helm a-port. She was going fourteen knots, both tide and wind setting in her favor. She was about 100 feet from us when I observed her crossing my bows. Another twenty feet would have cleared us. I was going 7 1-2 to 8 knots, or rather, I should say, not more 7 1-2. The night was dark, but could see the stars. I could not see, to distinguish from another object a man a ship's width off. She was about one mile off when I saw the side lights. I can hardly say the time. The other vessel evidently starboarded her helm crossing our bows. She, by so doing, brought the wind more on her quarter. When I first saw the lights I ported the helm and kept it so until I shut her lights in, and she, seeing my lights, starboarded her helm and crossed my bows. Immediately I starboarded and caught her on the quarter instead of amidship, as I should otherwise have done. I was on the bridge at the time, had been there from 11 A. M. I had been up all the previous night making the island. From the time I saw the lights until the occurence I was on the bridge.

To the court. At the time the collision took place all the people were at their stations as usual and customary. The second officer was on the fore part of the poop and the fourth officer by the wheel to see my signals attended to. My reason for sending an officer to the wheel was that the quartermaster during the previous half-hour had not answered my signals quick enough; an able sea-man, and a sea-cunnie were at the wheel. There was no one in the chains, but a quartermaster was ready if wanted. I have never been in Japan before and have not seen the entrance by daylight. This was my reason for taking a pilot. I had no idea of the nationality of the other vessel. I remarked that she was an auxiliary screw. I have been at sea thirty-seven years and have been twenty in command. I did not see any damage, and merely imagined the quarter gallery was knocked off. The pilot said the same thing. I supposed that no harm had been done. I had no idea of having struck the other ship dangerously. I did not see any signals, rockets or lights. I looked for them, and saw no signals. I heard no guns. I did not see the other vessel clew up her sails. I heard nothing at all from the other vessel. As she passed us the pilot called out, "What do you mean?" The pilot's name is Connor. I believe he is an American, but I am not sure. He did not at any time suggest to me that there was any danger for the other vessel. He agreed with me that if the other vessel wanted assistance he would send up a rocket. It is customary on board our ships to have guns and six rockets ready for instant use. I always have six guns and six rockets ready on board my ship. It would take less than a minute to fire a rocket and make use of a blue light, and the thing is done.

To Mr. Barnard—I received a message from a man-of-war requesting me to proceed down to the scene of collision. I think the messenger came from the Ocean. This was about 6 o'clock—say daylight. I sent for the chief officer and remarked that I did not think I was justified in going down, not knowing what injury I had received under the bows. I sent the chief officer to inquire what water there was forward, the crew having been employed all night in bailing water and trimming aft. Upon his return his reply was, "There are 9 1-2 feet in the forward compartment, and 15 to 18 inches in the second compartment." I made the remark simply, "I cannot go." A few minutes after that a note came on board from our agent, saying, "Will you kindly go down to the wreck?" I was on the bridge at the time, heaving in short, when an officer came to me with a verbal message and entreated me to go down to the place of collision.

I made the remark, I am on the point of going, as I hold a letter from our agent wishing me to go and I said, it is almost under protest, it is really too bad with my fore compartment full of water. As we were proceeding to the scene of collision, I found on two several occasions, two officers came to me and reported the water gaining fast as we were going full speed ahead. It was only by easing down and pumping and bailing that I kept the water under. The men were employed all this time pumping the water out of the vessel, throwing the cargo and taking it aft. My reason for saying I could not go was that my fore compartment was full of water and I did not know what injuries I had sustained.

To Mr. De Long. I first sighted the Oneida at 6:15 P. M. I cannot tell exactly. After sighting the other vessel it was five or six minutes before the collision occurred. We no sooner saw one light than we saw the two sidelights. It was so sudden we could do nothing. I dropped anchor at Yokohama, according to my log-book, at 7:45 P. M. I cannot tell how far the two ships drifted apart, immediately after the collision. My ship came upon the other on the quarter, and as the other vessel was under full sail and steam she was quickly out of sight. I turned and looked after her with my glass and could see nothing wrong. If there had been any thing serious I should have seen it. I heard no signal and saw none. This is truthfully said. I saw the Oneida's white light first, and almost immediately afterwards the two side-lights. I saw both side-lights at once, both nearly ahead of me, a half point on my port bow. I have stated since this catastrophe that I had struck a ship and taken her quarter gallery off. I have made no remark to the effect that I had seen a light through the vessel's side, or seen a man carried away from the cabin. Had I seen any thing of the sort I should have stopped at once. I heard no shout nor hail. My pilot did not tell me that he heard any thing. I heard no whistle. If a whistle was blown on board the Oneida from the time of the accident or three guns fired, any not hearing I attribute to the strong breeze that was blowing and the vessel having shot from me so rapidly. I looked for a blue light or rocket; the former would have shown me the position of the vessel, and the latter that something was wrong. I stopped the engines before the collision. As soon as ever I saw the collision was inevitable, I stopped the engines. I was standing by the engine room telegraph myself, and blew the whistle with my own hands. I did the latter because the youngsters sometimes forget to do so. I remarked to the pilot, "Surely, if any thing is wrong, she will give us a rocket, blue light or signal of some sort." I was a good fifteen minutes looking after the ship after the accident.

It did not strike me that the other vessel was larger or smaller than mine. I did not think about it, nor did I leave the bridge to see the boom, sail, etc. It did not strike me that my bow must have penetrated deeply into the other vessel, so deep as to take her boom away. I cannot tell what sort of a spar it was that penetrated my bow, as it was broken short off. I first knew it was there as we were going up to our anchorage. A light was lowered to see. I could see the spar at both sides of the bow. It had gone through. It was almost immediately after the collision that I heard of the spar. The Bombay has seven boats, viz: two life, two cutters, a mail, gig and jolly boat. Crew numbered ninety-three, all told. I have never had a collision before. This is the first accident I have ever had. When two ships collide it is not customary to stand by each other unless severe damage is apprehended. I did not think it necessary to stand by the Oneida. I said to the pilot, will the ship come to harm? and he replied, "No, she has the spit to go to." I am not aware that it is customary to take any steps to ascertain the damage caused by collision of two vessels, and done by one to the other. In the open sea it may be, but not near land as in a case of this sort. The mode of signalling is decidedly a rocket and a blue light at night. Guns are danger signals. There is no regular law laid down, that I am aware of. I did not send up a rocket, as it was not necessary—I was not in want of help. It is my opinion that any ship seriously injured and in want of help would signal for it. My instructions are to stop for nothing but to save life, and I did not think life was at risk in this case. The pilot told me the spit was close at hand and there was no danger. It had not occurred to me to stop and communicate with the Oneida. When I saw the spar run through my bows I weighed the damage the other ship might have sustained, and it occurred to me that I had done no more than taken a spar from the deck. I thought the spar was from the quarter. I cannot account for it striking me on the water line. I should say I struck the Oneida abaft the mizzen rigging.

The following are the statements of William W. Crowninshield, Captain William's clerk, and Master Yates of the Oneida:—

STATEMENT OF MR. CROWNINSHIELD.

We left Yokohama at about 4:30 o'clock P. M. on Monday Jan. 24, bound for Hong Kong, en route for New York. At six o'clock we were well into the channel, and, with a fair wind and tide, concluded to slacken steam, which we accordingly did, and then all hands, except those in charge of the deck, went below for supper. I had lain down on the starboard transom below decks with my clothing and a heavy overcoat on, and fell asleep. I was awakened—I do not know how soon—by a sudden shock, and upon recovering consciousness, was aware that I had been stunned, as I was covered with the debris of the wreck—wood, broken spars, sails, etc. As I crawled out from the mass of matter, I could see the sea astern and the stars shining, and then it flashed upon my mind that our ship had come into collision with some other vessel. I found myself badly bruised, but crawled out in the stern and up the splintered sides to the spardeck; I then went forward, and, meeting several officers, asked what was the matter. I was informed that a steamer (I afterwards learned that it was the English mail steamer Bombay) had run into our starboard-quarter, and cut us down. Our steam whistle was blowing fiercely, and the guns were being loaded to fire as alarm notes, for it was certain that the ship was in a sinking condition; it had so been expected by Lieut.-Commander W. Muldaur. The most perfect discipline pervaded the crew, and no cry was heard or alarm was manifested. Taking a hurried view, I saw that we could stay afloat but a short time, and I then climbed into the main rigging, when the guns were fired. This was about 10 minutes after the collision. The officer of the deck then announced that the ship was going down fast, and ordered the crew to take to the rigging. Looking down, I saw the water pouring down the hatches abaft the mainmast. I then took off my coats, and in a few seconds the ship gave a lurch and went down stern first. I was taken under, I should think, about 15 or 20 feet, and, on coming up, found myself near a boat, for which I struck out, and when nearly exhausted was drawn on board by Master Yates. I saw many heads dotting the water, but the sea soon swept us away, and they were lost to view. The Bombay did not stop or send us boats; had she done so, nearly every man aboard would have been saved. She was struck just abaft the mizzen-mast, at an angle of about thirty degrees, and cut to the water's edge. There were thirty-nine lives saved by the cutter which took us ashore, where we found shelter and fire at a Japanese tea-house. The next morning I was taken on the Bombay, and from thence transferred to the Yangtze, in which I arrived at Yokohama.

STATEMENT OF MASTER YATES.

The statement of this officer is, that when about two miles off Saratoga Spit, I saw the lights of the Bombay; she came right on, and struck the Oneida on the starboard gangway, cutting a hole in us to the water's edge, and through which the whole interior of the gun room was visible. She carried away our gig, binnacle-wheel and rudder, instantly killing two men at the wheel. All the officers who were not on deck rushed up (or were brought up, some being sick), and sail was instantly shortened. It was evident to us all that the ship was a total wreck, and that she would go down in a few minutes. As the Bombay hauled away from the collision Lieutenant-Commander Stewart shouted, "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! Lay to; you have cut us to the water!" This was repeated three times, but, as she paid no heed, our whistle was blown and three guns fired. The order was given to "lower away the boats," but the life-boat was only available, as the cutter was shipped in "cradle" on board; the life-boat was manned and pushed away. (Dr. Suddard and 15 men were saved in her.) As the ship sunk the cutter was got afloat, and myself and 38 others were saved in her. As the ship was first sinking, Captain E. P. Williams, who was on the bridge, was asked to get on board, but he refused to do so, saying, "No, I shall stay in my ship if she goes down." Lieut.-Commander Muldaur walked up, and, touching his hat, said, "Sir, the ship is going down." "I know it," said the captain, "but what can I do? I have repeatedly asked for boats, but could not get them." At this moment the ship settled, the smokestack came over and forced the cutter from the ship's side, and she went down stern first. I hauled Captain's Clerk William F. Crowninshield on board, and made a great effort to save Lieutenant-Commander Stewart, but he sunk just before I reached him, saying as he went down, "For God's sake save me!" He was quite ill at the time.

The statement of Dr. Suddard, who was saved in the life-boat, will be found on the outside of this paper. All accounts from the neighborhood of the disaster unite in stating that the utmost indignation is felt on all hands towards Capt. Eyre, and that no punishment was thought to be too severe for him. The examination before the Consular Court would be only prelimmary to trial before a tribunal competent to inflict suitable penalties.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

WASHINGTON, March 11.

A DEBATE ON DAWES

A spicy debate took place this afternoon in the House, between the Democrats on one side and Mr. Dawes upon the other. The Deficiency bill was up, but received but little consideration. It was all about what Mr. Dawes had said upon the floor as to the estimates of expenditures in his famous speech when the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill was discussed some weeks ago. Mr. Cox, of New York, charged that Mr. Dawes made speeches last week in New Hampshire that were not in accordance with the famous speech in the House. He said Dawes was troubled with a conflict between his morality and his politics, and like a certain Oriental individual, he had swallowed himself, leaving the spectators in the dark. Mr. Dawes denied that he had made any speech inconsistent with his enunciations on the floor, and he was now satisfied to stand by what he said, as it appears in the Globe. Messrs. Beck, Marshall and Voorhees on the Democratic side, took part in the debate, but Mr. Dawes was the only Republican who responded.

THE FUNDING BILL.

The Senate had a laborious session to-day, of eight and a half hours continuously, upon the Funding bill, which finally passed by 32 to 10. At one time it seemed that Mr. Wilson's amendment would pass, the sentiment appearing to be general in favor of the long time features of the amendment. Very little of thorough study and practical judgment as to the theory of long and short bonds was evinced by those who took part in the discussion. Senator Wilson came nearest to stating the reasons that govern capitalists in making investments, but even he failed to give the main consideration that determines investments in long bonds. It is known that the tendency of the rate of interest in a solid and well-established government is downward; and upon this theory, thirty years hence say, a bond of the present day drawing 5 or 4 1-2 per cent. would probably be most desireable property, as 3 per cent. will then possibly be the highest rate for good investments in this country. The bill now goes to the House, and there will be discussed even more at length than it has been in the Senate, since every one of the members appear to have his own peculiar ideas on financial matters.

A PAPOOSE CADET.

Not to be outdone in magnanimity and as an offset to Gen. Butler's appointment of a colored boy to a cadetship and Mr. Prosser's proposed appointment of another colored boy to be selected by the colored men of Nashville, the Hon. Richard C. McCormick, delegate from Arizona, has signified his intention to appomt a cadet to West Point and is now searching for a lively papoose to place in the Academy, and whose lot it may be to lead our armies against the troublesome men of his own race.

A PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

The President is preparing a message upon the decay of American Commerce, and the remedies therefor, which he intends to place before Congress prior to the 17th inst., that being the day fixed for discussing the bills upon the subject, reported from the Committee on Navigation Interest. In the main, the President's message agrees with the recommendations made by the Committee in their report, and he urges action by Congress at an early day.

INTERESTING TO SHIPBUILDERS.

The delegation of builders of iron ships appeared before Mr. Lynch's committee on Monday, and presented their case. After a full hearing, it was agreed so to modify the bill already reported as to remit duties on steel and iron without regard to the amount used per ton, advanced no farther than rods, bars, bolts, plates, beams, and forgings. The time fixed for such drawbacks is ten years from July next.

"WERE WE TO BUILD NO SEA-GOING SHIPS, NOR ENGAGE IN THE FOREIGN CARRYING TRADE, WE SHOULD PERCEIVE THE DIFFERENCE BUT LITTLE." [Progressive Age.

The above is the encouragement given to our great local industry, by a paper published in this city. How do you like it, ship builders, ship-owners and sailors? tf

Winterport is in a most favorable financial condition. The amount of liabilities is $9,411.40, and the assets $20,764.67—leaving a balance in favor of the town of $10,953.27. The liquor agency shows quite a handsome balance of profits for the town the past year.

Republican Journal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—BY—

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In advance, $2.00 a year; within the year, $2.50; at the expiration of the year $3.00.

ADVERTISING TERMS. For one square, (one inch of length in column,) $1.25 for three weeks, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square charged as a full one.

ADMINISTRATORS, EXECUTORS and GUARDIANS desiring their advertisements published in the Journal, will please so state to the Court, as all advertising not so directed is withheld from this paper.

SUBSCRIBERS desiring to have the address of papers changed, must state the Post Office to which the paper has been sent as well as that to which it is to go.

☞S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., 6 State St., Boston and 37 Park Row, New York, are our authorized Agents for procuring subscriptions and forwarding advertisements.

☞S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court St., Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

☞T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington Street, is an authorized agent of this paper.

☞GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, New York, will receive advertisements for this paper, at the lowest rates. Their orders will always receive prompt attention.

☞HORACE DODD, 121 Washington Street, Boston

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment in made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers are requested to take notice of the date on the colored slips attached to the paper. It is the only form of receipt now used. For instance, 15 May 68, means that the subscription is paid to that date. When a new payment is made, the date will be immediately changed to correspond, and thus a receipt in full is sent with every paper. Subscribers in arrears are requested to forward the sums due.

☞In sending money, state THE POST OFFICE to which the paper is sent.☜

PARTY LINES IN TOWN AND CITY AFFAIRS.

An interesting question, to those who take part in regulating and guiding the machinery of a party, is—to what extent is party allegiance binding upon men? or how far should it concern itself with the divisions and subdivisions of government and society? The history of parties, which is as old as the records of constitutional governments, shows the usefulness of these organizations. They operate as checks upon the assumptions, encroachments and extravagancies of each other, and by this very vigilance play an important part in the economy of government.

In their larger sphere of operations, like the concerns of our national government, in which each party gives expression to the views of a large portion of the community, their action is second only to the operations of the government itself. When a party has given expression to its views, by resolutions on these matters, its adherents who expect to partake of its advantages, must be held to a strict observance of its rules, and to give it a thorough and prompt support. A want of discipline, and a consequent lack of vigor, is to invite defeat. The same rules apply to State affairs, and to all the elections of officers whose functions may operate upon State or national politics.

But in following this descending scale, we come to the matter of choosing municipal officers—the mayor and aldermen of cities, and the selectmen of towns. Their duties are limited to the care of strictly local affairs—the highways, public health, fire department,—and such enterprises outside the common corporate sphere as the Legislature may have authorized the city or town to engage in. There are many who have not given the subject much thought, and who honestly believe that the obligations of party should compel all citizens to apply party tests to these matters. They have, they say, a principle in the matter. But when asked to examine their party platforms and to show how application may be made to municipal questions, they are all at sea.

The Democratic party, for example, is in favor of taxing bonds—but the most unyielding Democrats, if constituting the city officials of Belfast, could not compel the payment of taxes on the United States bonds owned in the city. The Democratic party has recorded itself as favoring low tariffs on importations—but we fear that the Democrats of this city, however thoroughly they might possess the city government, would not be able to prevent the persistent fellows in the brick edifice at the head of Main street from collecting duties on importations at this port. The Democracy are opposed to conferring all the rights of citizenship on the hordes of ignorant negroes at the South—or were while that was a living question—but we fear that any adverse action which our city government might take, would fail to oust the colored Senator from the United States Senate, or prevent Ben. Butler from appointing the same race to West Point cadetships. And equally futile, were Democrats in power at Washington, would be republican efforts to steer the ship of state by tugging at the tiller ropes of our city government.

On the other hand, questions are always arising in towns, and on which citizens divide, that no party platform does or can take cognizance of. Several towns have been agitated this winter on questions of dividing their territory—but we should look in vain for any guide from the Democratic national or state platform. The citizens of Belfast have taken sides within a few weeks on the question of a bridge across the harbor—but we should look vainly in the writings of the fathers or the resolutions of '98 for anything on the subject of bridges. Such questions concern and affect the people of the locality alone; and when they arrange themselves upon the one side or the other, it is found that parties, and all arbitrary lines of distinction on other questions, are badly lacerated. It is folly and absurdity to ask or expect to hold together, in such issues, all men who are united on national or state questions. But where these disturbing elements do not exist, it is advisable to hold parties together, and we should strongly advise our friends everywhere to do so.

A state of things which very well illustrates the tenor of this article, exists in this city. Belfast is very largely interested in the building of a railroad. It has been opposed by a portion of the citizens. That opposition made necessary a union of the friends of the enterprise—and that union, like the opposition, embraced men of each political party. In order to give the fullest effect to the voice of the railroad men, as such, it was decided to run a ticket on that issue in the Spring election of last year. It received nine-tenths of all the votes cast. But that breaking of party lines on a local question, did not prevent the being established again, on State issues, at the September election, when the Democratic party, at least, threw a splendid vote for its candidates.

And on Monday last the same expression, substantially, was given. Outside the men who insist upon running party tickets, in many cases as a cloak to hostile feelings, there are an organization that triumphantly sustains the men who are urging forward the enterprise. And next fall we shall expect that those who united for the common purpose of sustaining the interests of the city, will range themselves with the political organizations to which they belong. The Democratic party will not have suffered, nor will the republican, and the city will have gained much. And so "All's well that ends well."

OUR CITY ELECTION.

Probably the most promiscuous and indiscriminate mixed, jumbled, interspersed and curiously compounded state of things ever known in the party affairs of this city, took place on Monday last. It is impossible for any one person to note all the curious and ludicrous features of this general shaking up.

To begin as near the beginning as it is possible to approximate, we will state that for a considerable time previous to election it was understood that there existed a combination which would labor to overthrow the present managers of the railroad, by operating through the city government, which owns a majority of the stock. Personal hatreds, political dislikes, business rivalries and disappointed ambition, all entered into the combination, of which the Prog. Age is the accredited organ. Made up of men of each party, the combination intended to control, if possible the caucuses, and failing in that, to operate so might seem best towards the common end.

Opposed to these was a large body of citizens of both parties, who knew that the Directors had done well thus far, and who desired to see them complete the work—believing that a change at this time would be disastrus.

The campaign opened practically at the republican caucus on Wednesday evening, where he malcontents were marshalled by the editor of the Age. Pierce's Hall was crowded with the members of the party, eager and exited, the rear portion being occupied by the interested but non-participating Democracy. The editor of the Age presided over the hat which received the ballots, scrutinizing and quarreling over doubtful voters. The railroad interests were represented by the ticket bearing the name of Axel Hayford, Esq., and the anties by Wm. C. Marshall, Esq. The Hayford ticket prevailed by fifty majority.

The next movement of the campaign was the Citizens' Caucus at Hayford Hall, on Friday evening, in accordance with the call published in this paper. It was a sort of political millenium, where the lion and the lamb lay down together, and party spears and swords were beaten into spades and pickaxes. A large number were present, made up about equally of Democrats and Republicans. H. H. Johnson, Republican, was called to the Chair, and R. G. Lewis, a young Democrat, was made Secretary. W. P. Colburn, the Democratic candidate for Mayor in 1868, when he received the largest Democratic vote ever polled, moved for nominee of the Citizens Caucus, Axel Hayford, who was his opponent in that hardly contested year. The fact testifies to the mixed condition of parties, but not more so than when the leading Republican of the city, in some indignant remarks, alluded to the Prog. Age as "that vile and dirty sheet, which he was ashamed to say was the Republican organ in the County." And this was applauded by Republicans!

Ward caucuses were held in different portions of the Hall, and nominations made. In some cases these were the same with the Republican nominees, in some instances Democrats were substituted. But every person there nominated, was elected on Monday.

The third and last caucus was held on Saturday night, in City Hall, by those Democrats who were dissatisfied with the action of the City Committee, and demanded a straight ticket. The Democrats present were not large in number, but were highly respectable. Like a certain meeting spoken of in the Scriptures, "Satan came also." Frye, of the Custom House, with the curious twinkle of the eye which is perceptible when fun is going on, came softly in and sat down very demurely in a corner. Boyle, prosecuting officer, lent to the occasion the sanction of his official presence. C. P. Carter came from his silent shipyard, the editor of the Prog. Age brought the odor of sanctity from that establishment, and many other Republicans who are anxious for the welfare of the Democracy came in, and joined in the applause when a good thing was said, of which we are informed there were many. The tables and remains of the late religious festival were still in the hall, and the Unitarian baked meats did coldly furnish forth this strange marriage feast. We learn that the Republicans present were affected even to tears by the pathos of the speakers, and testified their approbation by contributing at the polls one hundred votes in support of the nominee. Such fruitful missionary work has not been done since Paul preached to the Athenians.

And the treatment of the obdurate City Committee was mild, notwithstanding the suggestion of the Republican auxiliaries that it should be laid on a little harder. They and the majority fraction of the party that adhered to them were treated as erring brethren, but brethren still, who would be brought back into the army, which would then "with mutual well-beseeming ranks, march all one way." This, we think, was judicious.

The choice as nominee for mayor, fell on Joseph H. Kaler, an intelligent, upright and worthy citizen, who would fill the position excellently well. We heard the successful candidate say to him, when the returns were coming in: "Kaler, I have the satisfaction of knowing that if not elected myself, the lot will fall on my first choice of all men in the city." The reader will see that the campaign was full of curious and interesting features. Mr. Kaler's nomination was against his expressed wishes, and he informed us that he would have declined on the spot, had he been present. When we heard of the nomination, we thought a terrible fate awaited the supporters of the Citizens' ticket—that they were not only to be killed in the election, but that the City Hall nominee would be required to grind their bones into fertilizers at his mill, and thus make sure of no further trouble from them.

The result of the election, and all further that need be said will be found in the returns in another column.

The Prog. Age editor comes out of his raid upon the managers of the railroad, in a state of sorry dilapidation. It is now proposed to take up a penny subscription for a marble slab commemorative of his attempt and the result thereof. When finished, it will be something like this:

This slab will be erected in the new depot building in this city. Any one desiring to know its exact location, can see it on the plan of the building, at the engineer's office.

Last year the Bangor Whig fought shy of the Governor question, announcing that its candidate would be the man who should be nominated. This year, however, it knows its preferences a long time in advance, and presses the claims of Gen. Hersey of that city. This movement is intended to head off Gov. Chamberlain, whose continuance in office a very large portion of the republican party still favor, including the soldiers who adhere to that faith.

The general railroad consolidation bill will not be passed this winter, at Augusta. There is no trouble in the Senate, but about twenty-five members of the House are candidates for Congress, and afraid of the cry of "monopoly." The measure will doubtless pass another winter, and meantime the roads can be practically consolidated under the powers that they already have.

Last Monday witnessed some remarkable conversions to democracy in this city. We are credibly informed that such recruits as Columbia P. Carter, Aaron Pendleton and Henry J. Woods were seen to deposit in the ballot box the pure Democratic ticket. We hope these gentlemen will not backslide from the faith, but will come up with increased zeal next September. Are there any more on the anxious seat? "While the lamp holds out to burn," &c.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF BELFAST.

MAYOR'S VOTE.

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	Total.
Axel Hayford,	111	150	105	54	36	456
J. H. Kaler,	23	34	60	47	102	266
Scattering,	2	1	1	10	0	14
	136	185	166	111	138	736

ALDERMEN.

Ward 1. Henry T. Forbes, (elected) 113. Jos. Williamson, 20. Scattering, 2.
Ward 2. Seth I. Milliken, (elected) 145. James B. Murch, 28. Scattering, 8.
Ward 3. L. D. Woodward, (elected) 101. Chas. Palmer, 51. Scattering, 2.
Ward 4. Geo. L. Ferguson, (elected) 113.
Ward 5. Geo. W. Reed, (elected) 103. T. C. Ellis, 36.

COMMON COUNCILMEN.

Ward 1. I. W. Parker, 113; Harrison Mahoney, 94, (elected). J. C. Condon, 20; D. G. Hinds, 20. Scattering, 22.
Ward 2. Isaac Allard, 150; J. C. Townsend, 152, (elected). Jesse Robbins, 38; Anson E. Durham, 26. Scattering, 7.
Ward 3. L. W. Pendleton, 108; L. A. Pitcher, 105, (elected). David S. Lincoln 49; A. E. Clark, 50. Scattering, 2.
Ward 4. Freeman W. Shephard, 70; S. J. Gurney, 95, (elected). F. Maddocks, 43; S. P. Gurney, 20.
Ward 5. J. C. Whitten, 98; A. J. Dean, 95, (elected). J. P. Ames, 38; Benj. T. Black, 40.

CONSTABLES.

Elected. Ward 1. J. Lovell Frye. Ward 2. Ezra Bickford. Ward 3. I. W. Smalley. Ward 4. T. A. Beckwith. Ward 5. Ira Libby.

WARDENS.

Ward 1. Geo. P. Field. Ward 2. Wm. F. Washburn. Ward 3. Alfred G. Ellis. Ward 4. L. B. Cobbett, Ward 5. F. P. Eames.

WARD CLERKS.

Ward 1. Chas. H. Wording. Ward 2. John W. Haraden. Ward 3. Fitz Wm. Gilbert. Ward 4. Oliver Chase. Ward 5. Henry W. Mason.

Attest. JOHN H. QUIMBY, Clerk.

We judge from other accounts that the reported recovery of a portion of the money taken by the Bowdoinham robbers is not true. The Maine correspondent of the Boston Herald says—

We are informed that the Bowdoinham Bank robbers are still negotiating for their deliverance from the State Prison at Thomaston. They have offered to restore $55,000 of the stolen money if they can be released, and it is said that on these terms the Governor will pardon them if they can obtain a petition in their favor from two-thirds of the voting population of the State. The robbers offer $5000 to defray the expenses of circulating the petition, and one of them agrees to give heavy bonds for his return to prison if the officials will allow him to be absent three days so as to obtain the hidden treasure. Those who lost their money are eager for the success of the plan.

The Portland Argus gives the particulars of the death of Abby Monroe, a woman about 35 years of age, who actually died from starvation in that city. Her husband was absent, she could get no work, was too diffident to make her condition known, and perished from want in a room that she hired. How little the world knows of the sufferings of those that live in it!

A fearful snow storm and gale prevailed at the westward on Sunday. The letter of our Boston correspondent will give some idea of its severity in that vicinity. Here the day was pleasant but overcast. We received no mail beyond Portland on Tuesday morning in consequence of the snow blockade on the railroad.

No Democratic Caucus was called in Augusta for the municipal election, the Democrats supporting the Citizens ticket. Our indignant friends in Belfast will please make a note of it.

Henry E. Prentiss, Republican, was on Monday elected Mayor of Bangor, over Coe, Republican. James F. Rawson and Charles W. Roberts, Democrats, were elected aldermen.

THE SCHOOLMASTER 62 YEARS AGO. A friend, who has a passion for gathering up and preserving relics of the past, recently placed in our hands, for inspection, the original school teacher's bill for services, of which the following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, name of town and signature omitted.

May the 15—1808.

To fifteen weeks of keeping skool at eight shilling a week in the town of —— in the Destrict whare Thomass tufts And Jhon perley ar skool Committy, it being twenty dolars. Received seven dolars and twenty-five cents.

RICHARD S—— Teacher.

Verily, the "Skoolmaster was abroad" in those days.

"Stand and deliver" is the language of the highwayman. [Prog. Age.

We know it. In order to be understood, we addressed the Age in its native tongue.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Correspondence of the Journal.

Frou-Frou---Lester Wallack---Italian Opera ---Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Mercantile Library Association---Departure of A. L. Stone---St. Patrick's Day---City Expenses---The Storm.

Boston, March 14, 1870.

Have you been to see Frou-Frou? Are you going to see Frou-Frou? Isn't Frou-Frou delightful? —are some of the ejaculations that have assailed the ears of theatre-goers during the first week. Frou-Frou is the latest Paris sensation, and is having an immensely successful run, both at the Boston Museum, and at Selwyn's cozy little theatre. Frou-Frou, whose other name is Gilberte, is a very pretty, very careless, very light-hearted, and like a great many other pretty women, rather wicked young lady. Her sister, on the contrary, is grave, stately and dignified—the manager of the household, in fact, to whom all orders are referred and all decisions respectfully submitted. At the opening of the play, Frou Frou has an offer of marriage from the Counte de Valreas, and from Henri De Satorys. These proposals for the hand of Frou-Frou are made to her sister Louisa, and papa Bugard wishes her to decide in favor of Satorys, who is grave, dignified and good, and to reject Valreas the gay and unprincipled. This Louisa does, and gives Satorys to Frou-Frou, though cherishing herself an unhappy passion for him. Frou-Frou doesn't seem to have any heart or thought about the matter, and would as soon have one as the other, and so is married to Satory. After a lapse of years we find her still leading the same gay butterfly life, entirely to the neglect of her devoted husband and pretty child. At this stage of affairs Louisa comes to live with them during a protracted absence of their father. She pities Henri and his child, and sets to work to supply to them some of the comforts of a happy home. She is so far successful as to make herself indispensable to the happiness of Satorys, who consults her upon all occasions and upon the most minute affairs.

Valreas who has always cherished his passion for Frou-Frou, and secretly pursued her, now becomes so bold in his declarations as to frighten even the reckless Frou-Frou, who bids him leave her and Paris, and flies to her husband's love and protection, resolving to live a better life. She finds herself too late. Her husband treats her like an idolized child, but goes to Louisa with all his plans and purposes. Stung at last to madness, she in a fit of jealous anger accused Louisa with having stolen the affection of her husband and child, and then flies to Venice with Valreas. She is followed in time by her husband, who kills Valreas, gives his wife her marriage dower, and goes back to his home a heart broken man. Frou-Frou leads ever after a repentant and remorseful life and finds herself six months afterward in Paris—sick and dying. She longs for the forgiveness of Satorys, and sends for him, but he will not see her. She then goes to his home, see him and dies in his arms after giving her husband and child to Louisa and receiving the forgiveness of all. A very tragic story with a very happy ending. I say happy, because Frou-Frou having enjoyed a death-bed repentance undoubtedly goes to Heaven after all her wickedness.

Lester Wallack, at the Boston Theatre, has been giving Bostonians a week of comedy after the tragic Fechter. I chanced to see him in the impersonation of Hugh Chalcote, in the military drama "Ours." The character does not afford much scope for Wallack's peculiar powers; but enough is seen of him to convince any one of the ease and gracefulness for which he is so noted. His strong point consists in throwing aside all stage-tricks and being thoroughly natural. Mrs. J. B. Booth, who supported him, is one of the most graceful ladies upon the Boston stage.

To-night the Italian Opera Troupe, consisting of Kellogg, Adelaide Phillips, Herr Hablemann, Lucini Lefranc and other noted singers, are to appear at the same house. They remain two weeks.

Music Hall on Friday evening last was the scene of one of the most interesting occasions that has taken place in Boston for some time, being the celebration of the Semi-centennial anniversary of the Mercantile Library Association. This was the first association of the kind ever formed in the United States, and a history of its formation, progress and vicissitudes up to the present day was very happily and ably given by Charles H. Frothingham, a former president of the association. Addresses were also made by John A. Lowell, Gov. Claflin, Mayor Shurtleff, Hon. A. H. Rice, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and others. The Handel and Haydn Society very effectively sang "He watching over Israel" from "Elijah," Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah," and other selections. Adelaide Phillips contributed several solos, and Miss Houston, Mr. John F. Winch and Mr. William J Winch appeared in a quartette. So that altogether the evening was passed very pleasantly and happily.

Rev. A. L. Stone delivers his farewell lecture on Life in California, in Music Hall, on Wednesday evening next, and returns on the following day to the Sunset Land.

Our Hibernian brothers are making great preparations for the celebration of St. Patrick's day, and on Thursday next the city will be gay with decorations, marching troops, and music's enlivening strains. We shall undoubtedly be there to see.

A summing up of the accounts of the city reveals an increase of over three millions of dollars in the expenses of the city government over last year. This is largely for street improvements, in which Boston is extensively engaged at present.

The weather since Saturday afternoon has been something fearful to behold. The old saying "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb" seems likely to prove true in the first instance. Such a driving, blinding, bewildering gale, and such an incessant fall of snow, has not been known in Boston for many a day. Alas for the sailor! The storm and the wind will not be merciful. And to-morrow the papers will und

GENERALITIES.

This is what happened to Mr. Waterman in Boston—

As Mr. Abel Waterman, living at No. 3 Short street, attempted to pull on one of his boots this morning he found it occupied by a kitten which a mischievous three-year-old had put in there. Being startled by the discovery he made a sudden jump which upset a kettle of hot water and burned one of his feet quite badly.

The Treasurer of the Maine Central R. R. informs us that the statement copied from the Portland Advertiser, to the effect that Hon. John Ware of Athens, has demanded coin for the interest on his M. C. bonds, due in April, is incorrect. Mr. W. has made no such demand. [Lewiston Journal.

A Cape Cod Ship Canal Company has been formed, and is pushing things.

Hon. R. D. Rice of Augusta, has been chosen vice-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

A Beverly man, while digging clams for his dinner, dug up the body of a new-born babe. He couldn't relish the clams.

The Camden Herald says that the yearly product of all Vinalhaven quarries amounts to some $300,000; 175 men are employed during the winter season, and from 200 to 300 in summer, at wages averaging from $1 per day for green hands to $5 for expert workmen.

Forty thousand dollars worth of gambling implements, seized by the police the past year, were last week destroyed in Boston.

Near Greenfield, Ind., a school teacher named Dunn struck one of the scholars over the head with an iron poker, from the effects of which the boy died the same night.

HIGH LINE. Mr. John H. Welch, one of the crew of schr. Live Yankee, was "high line" the last trip to George's, his share of the stock amounting to $112.04—a pretty good fortnight's work. The highest amount last year in the George's fishery was made by Mr. George W. Wixon, steward of the schr. Witchcraft, whose share amounted to $133.32, which we believe is the largest ever made in one trip. [Cape Ann Advertiser.

President Grant, while walking on Pennsylvania Avenue with his son, was assaulted by an insane man named Terrence Cassidy, who threatened him with assassination. The assailant was handed over to the police and sent to the asylum.

The missing steamship Schmidt, from Bremen, has arrived at New York. Her engine broke down in a gale, and she was 48 days in making the southern passage.

The President has nominated John L. Stevens of Augusta, Minister to Uraguay.

Mr. Crandall has retired from the Camden Herald, his interest in the establishment having been purchased by his late partner, W. H. Twombly, Esq., who will in future conduct it affairs. The Herald is an excellent local paper, and a credit to the town.

Captain Frederick Laybush, of New York, entered upon his 105th year Wednesday. He served in the Peninsular war, was at Waterloo, and guarded Napoleon during his imprisonment at St. Helena.

Ben Butler has appointed a colored boy, from Salem, to a cadetship at West Point.

A curious device—runners attached to wheels—is in vogue among some of the pedlers. By this means one cart does the year round. It is a Yankee notion.

The steamer Lewiston, Capt. Deering, will leave Portland for Machias on Friday next, and make regular trips thereafter. See advertisement.

There is said to be a growing feeling in Canada in favor of annexation to the United States.

President Grant has said that he shall probably send in a special message on the decline of American shipping.

In Gardiner, Mrs. Eastman's Newfoundland dog ran mad, and was killed after frantic attempts to bite several persons.

The editor of a paper in Illinois, who has suffered from the depredations of thieves, prints this paragraph: "The other night we charged a lump of coal with pewder. During the night it was stolen. The next morning a stove was blown higher than Mr. Gilroy's kite. We have another lump charged."

At a Masked Ball in Belfast, recently, the modest editor of the Republican Journal appeared as a "Benedictine Monk!!" [Machias Republican.

But he shrived no such sinner as the conductor of the Republican, who will, it is feared, have to be bleached by brimstone.

A California paper says the Japanese "will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business."

A Bangor firm is paying out specie in making change.

They have a beautiful young lady in Covington who smokes her six cigars a day.

They have queer names over at Lewiston. The Journal speaks of an incident that took place in "that prolific locality, the Baby Patch."

There are few sights more pathetic than to see a poor, virtuous young man, full of Christian fortitude, struggling to grow a moustache.

The old line of battle ship Ohio, at Charlestown navy yard, returned from her first and only cruise of three years in July, 1841—twenty-eight and a half years ago—and has ever since successfully defied the gales and waves at her present moorings.

A young man named Forbes, son of a former Universalist minister of that name, fell down the stairway of a Lewiston factory last week, and was killed.

When in these days of "boughten hair" we examine a lady's tresses, it is hard to tell which is "switch."

The Bangor Whig has a great inclination to liquids. Having got through with the discussion of rum, it has turned its attention to the water question locally.

There was a lively little breach of promise case in Kentucky last week, with damages laid at $10,000, which the fair plaintiff's father testified was brought because the defendant "had been fooling that gal long enough."

The Ellsworth American says that the youngest son of Mr. Charles Giles of North Brooklin, aged one year and seven months, while its parents were absent at a meeting at Bluehill neck, fell into the fire and was burned so badly that he lived only ten hours.

A Sunday school teacher in New York gave a meerschaum pipe to one of his scholars as a reward of merit.

An Indianapolis woman recently gave birth to a child during her husband's absence, and just before his return the neighbors borrowed two other babies and placed them in bed with the little stranger. When the father asked to see his child the coverlid was turned down, and although he must have been immensely surprised, he coolly turned to his wife and asked, "Did any get away?"

Speaker Blaine has been in New York, "taking something" with the Union League Club.

A western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably damp, says: "That's because there is so much *due* on it."

Hallowell and Gardiner are anxious about the big pile of ice that threatens to sweep down the river with the spring freshet.

The party given at the Augusta House by Senator Gibbs and Representative Bliss was the most brilliant social entertainment of the winter.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

WALDOBORO. At the annual town meeting in Waldoboro, on the 14th, Hon. Isaac Reed was chosen Moderator, for the twenty-second year. The following town officers were elected.

Town Clerk, Samuel W. Jackson; Selectmen, Henry Farrington, Milton McIntyer, Isaac Welt; Assessors, Atherton W. Clark, Samuel Farnsworth, Aaron Stahl; Town Treasurer, John Richards; Town Agent, Thomas Genthner: Superintending School Committee, James W. Lash; Auditor, Samuel W. Jackson.

LINCOLNVILLE ELECTION: Town election in Lincolnville Mar. 14 1870. E. Fletcher, Rep. Moderator; F. B. Dunton, Rep. Clerk; Wm. K. Duncan, Dem. Wm. H. Hodges, Dem. Ansel Wadsworth, Rep. Selectmen; Assessors and Overseers of the Poor—D. L. Frohock, Dem. Collector of taxes; J. Mathews, Dem. S. S. Committee.

E. Miller, Rep. Treasurer, elected by the Democrats over the Rep. nominee, the Democrats running no candidate of their party for that office. Four Democrats and four Republicans may be considred an even thing. M.

BREMEN ELECTION. At the town election in Bremen the following officers were chosen: Moderator, James A. Johnston, dem; Selectmen and Assessors, James A. Johnston, dem., Fred Kent, conservative, Wm. B. Hilton, dem.; Treasurer, A. P. Chaney, dem.

LOCAL ITEMS, &c.

Ice boat sailing continues to be a favorite amusement on the ponds in the vicinity, the thawing days and cold nights rendering the ice smooth in the morning. We hear of a party of inexperienced navigators who undertook to sail an ice-boat that proved to be too much for them. She got away from the man at the helm, and went wildly rushing over the pond, first on one tack and then on the other, whacking the party with the boom, and slatting them off, till the ice was covered with hats, boots, buttons, pipes, pocket flasks and disabled navigators!

Our City Clerk, John H. Quimby, Esq., whose official papers are models of neatness and accuracy, receives frequent compliments. The Committee on the War Debt Equalization say that the papers of the city of Belfast were the best arranged, clearest, and altogether the best of any that came before them.

On Saturday, a young daughter, aged seven, of Lewis C. Smith, had a leg broken by running into a team, while sliding down the Wilson Hill.

The steamer Katahdin is carrying a great many passengers and large freights. On Saturday she was an hour and a half in discharging at her wharf in this city.

Some new certificates of the remarkable performances of the United States Company's watches have been added to their advertisement in this paper. Several of these fine watches, which are marvels of accuracy as well as mechanical beauty, are carried by citizens of Belfast. Calvin Hervey is agent for their sale.

The annual allowance of $300 to the Waldo Agricultural Society, which came near being lost through informality in returns, has been saved. S. L. Milliken, Esq., who chanced to be at Augusta, looked after the matter.

A legal gentleman who recently moved his office from the Telegraph Building to the opposite side of Main street, and had his sign taken down, missed that useful guide-board from its temporary place of deposit on the sidewalk. After a long search he discovered that some of his thirsty neighbors had pawned it for drinks at a neighboring ale-shop. The Colonel proposes a motto for those enterprising youths—"In hoc signo vinces."

The former residence of Joseph F. Hall, Esq., on High street, has been leased, by Mrs. George Baker, and is being refurnished and fitted for a first-class boarding-house. Mrs. Baker has had much experience, and will make a very pleasant home for her guests.

Considerable amusement was caused, one windy day last week, by the sight of a Custom House official, usually deliberate in his movements, indulging in a lively chase after his hat, across the square. He recovered it.

Brig Benj. Carver and schooner Mary, from Bucksville, S. C., with hard pine timber, arrived last week. A portion of their cargoes was for railroad bridges, and a portion for McGilvery's shipyard.

Women's rights have gone into operation in the town of Brooks. Miss S. F. Roberts, an accomplished young lady, and a teacher by profession, has been elected a member of the Superintending School Committee. She is about 20 years of age, smart and good looking. When it was known that she was a candidate, her opponent gallantly withdrew. Who says the world is not progressing?

The iron for the railroad bridges, to replace that condemned by the Chief Engineer, was landed here last week. It is a very handsome lot, and beautifully fitted.

Work on the piers and abutments of the railroad bridges over the Twenty-five Mile Stream and the Sebasticook River is being pushed. If no heavy rains obstruct the work it will be above the reach of freshets by the first of April.

Mr. Sanborn, late of the public house at Frankfort, has leased the new building at the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, near the site of the railroad depot, and will soon open it as a hotel.

Miss Anna Bell Baker will receive pupils for instruction on the piano forte. See advertisement.

Mr. Crawford, of the American House, is quite ill and confined to his room. His trouble is of a pulmonary nature.

The deposits of coal ashes in the street are a nuisance. If the city authorities allow the practice, we propose to contribute the ashes and cinders from our steam engine and stoves to the general deposit, which will raise a mountain high enough for the city fathers to see.

The following, which we find in the Portland Transcript, illustrates how we sometimes have to go abroad to get news from home—

A boy in Belfast, only 16 years old, is bound over in the sum of $200, charged with complicity in a case in which a girl of 15 is expecting soon to produce evidence.

The very interesting entertainment by the Universalist Society will be repeated at Hayford Hall, on Friday evening. Tennyson's Dora, dramatized, which was so excellently rendered on a previuos occasion, will be repeated, with other entertaining novelties. There will also, after the play, be an entertainment specially for the young folks.

Gen. Webster, assessor for Uncle Samuel in this region, is inviting the old gentleman's children to contribute their annual stipend to his support. The General does it so politely that it pains a man to say that he has no income to speak of.

Sch. Orion, Capt. George F. Osborne, from Belfast for New York, with ice, went ashore during the gale of Sunday, at Oak Point, in Long Island Sound. It is thought she will come off with the loss of cargo. The Orion is a good vessel, worth $6000, owned by the captain, J. W. Frederick & Co., and others—of whom the captain only has insurance. The cargo owned by E. L. Whittier and W. E. Bickford, is insured.

Some of our people are discussing a city improvement by the extension of a wide concrete walk the length of Church street. It would be a great improvement, and make a beautiful promenade.

The alarm of fire on Sunday morning came from the burning out of a chimney on Spring street, which made a prodigious smoke with but little fire.

A PACIFIC RAILROAD WONDER. We last week received from Gilson Carman, Esq., of the firm of Middleton, Carman & Co., No. 70 Fulton Market, New York, a splendid cut of fresh salmon] from the Sacramento River, California. That firm has received 10,000 pounds in a refrigerator car, over the railroad, and were expecting six tons more. A portion of the first lot was shipped to Liverpool by steamer. Seven days was the time occupied in the transit from California, and probably ten days more to Liverpool—thus bringing Pacific coast Salmon to table in England in seventeen days, and in good order. The sample we received was in excellent condition, and in flavor and richness was fully equal to a June salmon from the Penobscot. Thus Yankee enterprise, like the conquering sword of the old Romans, as fast as new victories are won, turns them to account in finding something new and delicious wherewith to tickle the palate. Mr. Carman, whose lady is a native of Belfast, is well known to our citizens as a summer visitor, and an exceedingly pleasant gentleman.

A paper, whose editor is renowned for his excessive modesty as well as his ability to gather news that is sometimes reliable and sometimes otherwise, gives the following Boston item under the heading of An unfortunate Name. He says:

"It is related that a number of persons recently formed a company to erect a large hotel in Boston. It was agreed that the one making the largest subscription to the capital stock should be honored by having the house bear his name. When the books were closed it was ascertained that the largest subscription had been made by the Attorney General of the United States. The other stockholders were struck with dismay, offered that gentleman 50 per cent. advance upon his subscription if he would retire from the company. He accepted the offer and pocketed thousands of dollars."

A schooner lately ran into and carried away a light-house in the British Channel, and came into port with the main body of the wooden structure, lantern and all, on her forecastle.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

On Tuesday, the 9th, in the Senate Mr. Reed presented resolves requesting that the Maine delegation in Congress to use their influence to secure the passage of the postal telegraph bill. The following bills were passed to be enacted: Bill relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, and bill providing a penalty for illegal voting. In the House the bill relating to harbor and interior fisheries was tabled. The bill to fix the weight of a ton of coal at 2240 pounds, and bill to make the clerks of courts appointive by the Justices of the Supreme Court were indefinitely postponed. The bill to incorporate the Union Depot in Portland was recommitted. The report of the Valuation Commissioners was presented to both branches, ordered printed and referred to the select committee on valuation. Ex-Congressman Pike, the member elect from Calais, and Messrs. Wilson of Thomaston, and Graffam of Vinalhaven, were qualified.

The consolidation bill was indefinitely postponed in the Senate Wednesday, 15 to 14. The Committee on education reported a bill authorizing towns and cities to purchase books for the schools. A resolve was adopted directing Committee on Revision of Statutes to incorporate the acts passed this session in the volume of Revised Statutes. The Banking Committee reported a bill to extend the charters of certain State banks. In the House bills were introduced by the Railroad Committee additional to the charter of the Portland & Rutland Railroad Co., and to authorize the city of Portland to loan its credit thereto. The Insane Hospital resolve passed; also several appropriations for roads. The bill to authorize the inhabitants of Brunswick to vote $40,000 for a town hall and stores was amended so as to require a two-thirds vote, and passed. Bill concerning the rate of interest was passed to be enacted by yeas 73, nays 40.

In the Senate Thursday the Military Committee reported a resolve appropriating $15,000 to the Bath Orphan Asylum, which passed to be engrossed. The Committee on Education reported a bill to authorize towns to abolish school districts. On the bill incorporating the Union Depot in Portland, a majority voted reference to the next Legislature. The consolidation bill was reconsidered and laid on the table, where it will probably rest until the next session. The bill concerning the rate of interest was enacted. In the House Mr. Barker presented a resolve in favor of Mt. Desert as a naval station of the United States; also another providing for the preservation of the harbors of Maine, which were sent to the Committee on Federal Relations. The Legal Reform Committee reported a resolve providing for a commission to inquire into the jail system. The bill to reduce the poll tax was refused a passage. Ought to pass was reported on the resolve relating to postal telegraph. The bill to abolish the death penalty come up by assignment, and the question being put upon its passage, it was defeated, by yeas 56, nays 69. The bill to increase the compensation of the members of the Legislature was amended by inserting $250 for $300, now 150, and then the House voted to indefinitely postpone the bill, by yeas 76, nays 44.

On Friday, the Senate refused to concur in the vote of the House rejecting the bill to abolish capital punishment and appointed a committee of conference. The House bill to increase the compensation of members of the legislature came from that branch indefinitely postponed, which action was concurred in by the Senate, 13 to 10. The special committee on temperance reported a bill to regulate liquor agencies, prevent imposition in its sale, and to establish a State agency in Bangor. The consideration of the Portland Union Depot was assigned for Tuesday. The bill providing for the employment of teachers by school committees was indefinitely postponed, 18 to 6. In the House a large number of bills and resolves were finally passed. The bill to set off a part of Somerville to Washington was lost after a long discussion. In the debate concerning the reconsideration of the Fort Fairfield High School, granting aid thereto, Mr. Baker said he would establish a principle to grant aid to any high school that would devote a sum of money equal to that asked of the State. Mr. Stone, of Kennebunk, opposed the proposition and the House refused to reconsider, yeas 40, nays 45.

Saturday in the Senate, resolves relative to the preservation of the harbors of Maine and recommending Mt. Desert for a naval and military station were read and assigned. The resolve appropriating $50,000 to the Maine General Hospital in installments of $10,000 as the incorporators fulfill certain conditions, passed to be engrossed. The vote to indefinitely postpone the bill to increase the pay of members was reconsidered and amended, so as to make the pay $200, and passed to be engrossed. The bill to renew the charters of certain banks was passed. The House insisted on its vote refusing a passage to the bill abolishing capital punishment and agreed to a conference. The Governor sent in the following communication:

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEP'T.
AUGUSTA, March 11, 1870.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The bill entitled "An act additional to chapter 33 of the public laws of 1855, relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors," has been laid before me for approval. Some of its provisions appear to be of so extraordinary a character as to suggest grave doubts of their propriety or good effect; but considering the remarkable circumstances that the bill has passed both Houses without opposition, I have given it my official signature.

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

A bill to repeal that part of the Revised Statutes relative to usury, in consequence of an act to allow parties to contract any rate of interest, caused a lengthy discussion, in which Mr. Pike of Calais took occasion to oppose the principle of raising the rates of interest when Congress was attempting to reduce the same. Messrs. Barker, Baker, and Wilson of Thomaston advocated the policy of letting the parties take care of themselves in this matter, as in other business transactions.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. Saturday, as the down train from Boston, due here at 5 o'clock P.M., was running at the rate of twelve miles an hour, after leaving the bridge over the Saco river, the engineer noticed about 50 feet off a span of horses attached to a single sleigh in which were three men, driving towards the second crossing. He blew the whistle and reversed the engine, and as the locomotive by that time had covered the objects he looked from the cab window on the opposite side from that which they approached the crossing, hoping to see that they had crossed safely. There he beheld the two horses jumping as it were from the front of the engine and dashing up the road. When the train stopped two of the men were found on the cow-catcher. One, by the name of J. J. Sawyer, a lumber dealer of Boston, was lying on his back with his head against the boiler, insensible, the back of his head stove in and otherwise injured. The second man, H. Partridge, driver of the team, was piled on top of Mr. Sawyer, and enveloped in buffalo robes. He seemed to be uninjured, and as the train stopped he got upon his feet on the ground, but was terribly frightened, as evinced by his remarks. The third person who was in the sleigh was Oliver Tracy, Esq., agent of the Buxton Woolen Mills, and he was found dead and laying against a fence by the side of the road. It is thought that he was struck by the corner of the engine and instantly killed. The sleigh was stove to splinters. The men were taken to Saco, and Mr. Sawyer at once conveyed to the residence of a sister, where he received prompt medical attendance. He had his senses a short time, but died of his injuries that evening at ten minutes past eight o'clock. No blame is attached to the engineer by those acquainted with the facts in Saco. A coroner's inquest will be held at Saco this morning. [Portland Argus.

The gibbet and the hangman have just rid the world of a brace of hardened wretches in Pennsylvania. On Wednesday, Albert Von Bodenburg and Gottlieb Bohner, alias Dutch Charley, suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of Peter Peightal, a farmer of Huntingdon, Pa., his wife, and a little boy who lived with them. After their conviction, Bohner's principal study was how to escape death on the gallows; he feigned sleep on one occasion, and, while the guard's back was turned, sprang upon him with the force and ferocity of a tiger, and with a screw taken from his bedstead knocked him momentarily senseless; the desperate man then rushed through the corridor to a cot on which the Deputy Sheriff usually slept, and where a loaded pistol was always kept, but before securing the murderous weapon the guard recovering, was upon him; a desperate fight ensued with varying success, until the arrival of a prisoner on the scene, who with a large iron poker beat the murderer over the head, until, from sheer exhaustion he succumbed, and was taken back to his cell. When led out for execution, both prisoners ascended the scaffold with a firm tread, but, when the platform was reached, Bodenburg was noticed to quiver considerably. Religious exercises were gone through with, occupying a quarter of an hour. In the meantime their feet had been bound, and both men placed on the drop. At this moment Bodenburg turned to his companion, and imploringly asked: "Am I not innocent?" "No," responded the other; "we were both in the house; both killed, both guilty, both die together." "Oh, God," said the other, "you can say that at the last moment. You ain't human." The ropes were then placed about their necks, when Bodenburg cried out, "O Lord, beyond the skies, take my soul into Thy Kingdom." The black caps were pulled over their faces, and at 12.40 P. M. the upright was jerked out, the trap started, and the murderers fell about three feet, dying without a struggle.

A LEGAL QUESTION ANSWERED.

A Cleveland Herald correspondent says: A day or two ago your Columbus correspondent, in writing about an examination of law students, gave the following questions as having been propounded by one of the examiners:

"A great many years ago there lived a gentleman named Lazarus, who died possessed of chattels, real and personal. After this event, please inform us, young man, to whom did they go?"

The student replied, "To his administrator and his heirs."

"Well, then," continued the examiner, "In four days he came to life again; inform us, sir, whose were they then?" Which interesting inquiry we submit to the lawyers.

I am not a lawyer, but I see no difficulty in the inquiry.

Lazarus died and was buried. As soon as he died, his property, if he left no will, vested in his legal heirs. The law gives no man the right to die for four days and then come to life again.

Legally, Lazarus couldn't rise. I have no doubt the supreme court would decide that the Lazarus who rose was not the Lazarus who died. He was not the Lazarus. The new Lazarus would of course know and feel within himself that he was the old Lazarus, and go round boring about his legal wrongs, but every lawyer would leave him as quickly as possible, saying in parting, "It's a mighty hard hard case, but if your heirs can prove your death and that they came in legally under the statute, there is no way for Lazarus to make them disgorge. All you can do is this—you're a young fellow about sixty—to hire out as a clerk, try to save something from your salary so as to go into business again, build up a grand estate, make a will and tell your legal heirs to go to the d—."

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is, without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man and beast.

We have seen it stated in various papers throughout the country, that Agents for the sale of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders were authorized to refund the money to any person who should use them and not be satisfied with the result. We doubted this at first, but the proprietors authorize us to say that it is true.

Why spend so much in trying worthless medicines, when for 35 cents a remedy is at hand that will cure any cold, cough, sore throat and lungs, or hoarseness? Warren's Balsam will do it.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is "a combination and a form indeed" for healing and curing diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest. It cures a cough by loosening and cleansing the lungs, and allaying irritation; thus removing the cause, instead of drying up the cough and leaving the disease behind.

THE WORST PILES CURED. I wish to spread abroad the great benefit I have derived from the use of DR. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

I have suffered years from the worst Piles. I used everything to no purpose, until I found the Lozenges; in less than a month I was cured, and have only to resort to them when costiveness returns, and always find instant relief. S. O. NEAL. For sale at No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors, and by all Druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. 2m031

BELFAST PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE JOURNAL.
BELFAST, Wednesday, March 16, 1870.

Flour,	$7.00 to 11	Round Hog,	12 to 14
Corn Meal,	1.20 to 0.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$30 to 32
Rye Meal,	1.50 to 0.00	Mutton per lb,	5 to 07
Rye,	1.10 to 1.25	Lamb per lb,	6 to 08
Corn,	1.15 to 0.00	Turkeys, per lb,	25 to 30
Barley,	70 to 75	Chickens, per lb,	20 to 25
Beans,	2.25 to 2.75	Ducks, per lb,	20 to 25
Marrowfat Peas,	1.25 to 1.50	Geese,	15 to 20
Oats,	60 to 65	Hay per ton,	$16 to 18
Potatoes,	45 to 00	Lime,	$1.50 to 00
Dried Apples,	12 to 14	Washed Wool,	35 to 40
Cooking, do.	1.00 to 1.25	Unwashed Wool,	25 to 30
Butter,	30 to 33	Pulled Wool,	40 to 00
Cheese,	20 to 22	Hides,	7 to 00
Eggs,	25 to 00	Calf Skins,	18 to 00
Lard,	22 to 23	Sheep Skins,	75 to $1
Beef,	8 to 10	Wood, hard,	$6.00 to 7
Apples, Baldwin,	2.00 to 0.00	Wood, soft,	$4.00 to 0
Veal,	8 to 10	Dry Pollock,	4 to 0
Dry Cod	8 to 10	Straw,	$8 to 10

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, March 14.

BUTTER—We quote good New York and Vermont dairies at 31a35c per lb; pretty fair lots at 30a32c, and common grades at 25a28c; bakers' at 16a18c; Western at 16a25c, and Western rolls at 20a28c.

EGGS—The market is quiet to-day, and there is very little demand. Buyers however would find no difficulty in supplying their wants at 28c per doz.

BEANS—The market is quiet, with only a limited demand for small lots, which are being sold at prices within range of quotations. We quote choice Western pea Beans at $2.50a2.75 per bush; common do $1.75a2.25; choice hand-picked mediums at $1.75a1.87 per bushel. Canada Peas common and screened 90c a$1.15; choice cooking $1.50 per bush.

FRESH MEATS—There is not a large supply in the market and holders are feeling a little firmer to-day. Country Mutton is in light stock and holders are expecting an improvement on recent quotations. We quote Chicago Beef at 9a12c per lb, with an occasional sale at 12 1-2a13c; frozen Mutton sells at 3a7c, and fresh killed at 8a13c.

POULTRY—The market continues firm, and the supply of choice Turkey is light. We quote Western Turkeys 25a27c; and fresh killed birds at 29c; Western chickens 20a23c; common do 17a19c.

POTATOES—The market remains steady. 60c per bush for New York, and 62a65c for Eastern Potatoes.

DRIED APPLES—Trade is quiet and while holders are asking our quoted rates, there is only a limited demand. We quote Eastern sliced at 13 1-2a14 1-2c; do quartered 12 1-2a13c; New York sliced 10 1-2a11 1-2c; do quartered 10 1-2a11c; Ohio and Michigan sliced 10a10 1-2c; do quartered 10c; Southern 8a9c per lb.

APPLES—The market is firm, but trade to-day is quiet. We quote $4.75a5 for recent receipts and $5a5.50 per bbl for choice lots of Greenings and Baldwins.

HAY—The market remains as previously reported, and there is a good demand at quoted rates. We quote prime Eastern cargo at $20a23 per ton, and Vermont and Eastern prime by the carload at $20a24 per ton; inferior qualities at $15a17, and Swale Hay at $15, per ton. New York Hay $19a22 per ton. New York Straw $21a25 per ton.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ASK FOR DR. CLARKE'S SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

And take no other. See that the portrait of Dr. Clarke is upon the label of each bottle. No other is genuine. They are purely vegetable and will not intoxicate. tfsp

Warren's Cough Balsam!

Is beyond a question the very best medicine of the day for all COUGHS, COLDS, Sore THROAT and LUNGS! also for Whooping Cough and Croup in Children it is the most effective medicine ever used.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

E. F. BRADBURY, Proprietor, Bangor, Me.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Agents for New England. 6m17

Mrs. CLARA A. SLEEPER

TEACHER OF PIANO FORTE. Residence at Mrs. RUSSELL'S Congress Street, Belfast.
☞ Special attention given to beginners. tf14

MISS ANNA BELL BAKER

Will give Piano Forte instructions. Application may be made at the New England House, where terms, &c., may be learned.
Belfast, March 14, 1870. sptf35

THE GREATEST GOOD

to the greatest number will be infallibly secured by a diffusion of the knowledge imparted in Dr. Hayes' new and popular medical work entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, or SELF-PRESERVATION;" a practical treatise upon matters deeply concerning the health and vigor of both old and young of both sexes. A perusal of this volume has been the means of restoring thousands to health and happiness already, and it is destined to a long career of usefulness. An advertisement in our columns, under the head of "The Peabody Medical Institute," will give the reader a good idea of the work or intentions of the author. 5w36sp

A CARD.

Harvey H. Smalley desires to return his sincere thanks to the sympathizing citizens of Belfast, who so generously contributed a handsome sum for his relief while disabled by the breaking of his leg. 1wsp*

MARRIED.

In Montville, March 7th, by J. Hambleton, Mr. Chas. W. Lord and Miss Susan F. Swett, both of Knox.

In Liberty, March 5th, by Alvah Sherman, Esq., Mr. Edmond Prescott and Miss Hannah Gove, both of L.

In Eden, March 1st, Mr. Alvin D. Harden of Trenton, and Miss Permelia Pane of E.

In Gouldsboro, March 1st, Mr. Curtis Perry and Miss Martha A. Tracy, both of G.

In Ellsworth, March 3d, Mr. Francis G. Topsham of Orland, and Miss Myra A. Hooper, of West Ellsworth.

In Surry, March 5th, Mr. Abijah S. Curtis and Miss Martha C. Trundy, both of S.

In Cranberry Isle, March 2d, Mr. Taylor H. Stanley and Mrs. Hannah E. Stanley, both of C.

In Mt. Desert, March 6th, Mr. Geo. H. Bracey and Miss Alice J. Jordon, both of Mt. D.

DIED.

[Obituary notices, beyond the date, name and age, must be paid for.]

In Waldoboro', on the 12th inst., Mrs. Mary Howard, widow of Capt. Isaac Howard, aged 83 years.

In Boston, March 9th, Mrs. M. J. Flowers, formerly of Belfast, aged 44.

In Knox, March 8th, Alice M., daughter of Joseph and Lucy A. Penny, aged 11 years, 7 months and 5 days.

She has gone to that rest where the weary one sleeps,
Her form to the cold earth is given;
But her Spirit has fled to its maker at rest,
The reward of the righteous in Heaven.

We will weep not for her, for her troubles are o'er,
But will look to that desolate hearth
Where the sister will smile on its inmates no more,
For the brother and sister must part.

We will think of those parents all lonely and sad,
Bereft of a daughter so loving;
No more by her presence their hearts shall be glad,
They will listen in vain for her coming.

We'll commend them to Jesus, he will heal up the wound,
Restoring sweet peace to their breast;
And when the Archangel his trumpet shall sound,
They will meet in the land of the blessed.

In Lincolnville, March 1st, of Scarletinia, Eugenia H., only daughter of Ephraim M. and Lucy A. Miller, aged 6 years, 3 months and 15 days.

"'Tis past! and the young spirit's fled
To purer, brighter realms on high;
The last fond parting word is said—
'Twas sad, how sad that last, Good-by!

We list to hear thy silvery voice,
Whose tones, were wont, to glad our ear,
Whose cheerful words bade all rejoice—
We list in vain! thou art not here!"

In Montville, March 10th, Eliza A., daughter of Marcus Vose, aged 33 years.

Another loved one has passed away from earth, and a large circle of relatives and friends mourn their loss. A dutiful daughter, a loving sister, a faithful friend; in all the relations of life were shown those beauties of character, which spring only from purity and holiness of heart. During a long and painful sickness, her thoughts were drawn continually toward her Savior, and at last, calmly and in peace, she closed her eyes on earth to open them in Heaven. And as we shall meet her no more on earth, let us think of her as one of that happy number who are arrayed in white robes,—an inhabitant of that Celestial City, within whose gates no sorrow or pain can find entrance; and may the consolation be ours, that when we, too, are called to go, we may meet her again in the beautiful land of rest, to part no more forever.

"Fold her, O, Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee." H.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

March 10th. Brig Benj Carver, Pendleton, Bucksville, Schs Mary, Limeburner, Bucksville; James Jewett, Coombs, Boston.

12th. Sch Oak Grove, West, Boston.

SAILED.

March 10th. Schs Malabar, McCarty, Philadelphia; Wm Carroll, McGee, do; Cameo, McCarty, Boston.

13th. Sch Abby Gale, Ryan, Boston.

All persons indebted to B. C. Dinsmore are requested to settle before April 1, 1870, or their bills will be left with a lawyer for collection.

500 PAIRS OF WOMEN'S, MISSES' and children's single and double sole boots, selling much less than cost for CASH. Call and see before you buy. B. C. DINSMORE,
3w36 71 Main Street.

Selling Off at Cost!

WE PROPOSE to sell, for CASH ONLY, our entire Stock of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery and Furniture, at cost. Remnants and many goods at much less than cost.

We have a choice line of WOOLENS and FLANNELS for men's wear. Also

Shawls,
Beavers,
Cloakings,
Repellants, &c., &c.
Linens and White Goods of all Descriptions.
Black Silks and Alpaccas,
All Wool Delains and Plaids,
And Dress Goods in great variety.

A full assortment of Boots and Shoes, probably the largest variety of Goods of any one Store in the County.

ROBERTS & HICHBORN,
2w36 Stockton.

INLAND ROUTE TO MT. DESERT AND MACHIAS.

FIRST TRIP OF THE SEASON.

THE STEAMER

LEWISTON,
CHARLES DEERING, Master.

WILL leave Railroad Wharf, every FRIDAY EVENING, at 10 o'clock, (commencing the 18th, inst.) for Machiasport, touching at Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Mt. Desert, Millbridge and Jonesport.

Returning will leave Machiasport every Tuesday Morning at 5 o'clock, touching at the above named landings.

Steamer Lewiston will receive freight for the landings on the Penobscot River (as far as the ice will permit,) to be reshipped at Rockland by the Sanford line.

CYRUS STURDIVANT, General Agent.
Portland, March 10, 1870. tf36

Commissioners' Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been duly appointed Commissioners of Insolvency by the Honorable Judge of Probate, on the estate of the late Jonathan Treat, of Frankfort, hereby give notice that six months from the 8th day of Feb. 1870, are allowed for creditors to prove their claims. And that they will be present at the hotel of D. N. Ewell, in Frankfort, on Saturday, April 30th, at 10 o'clock. A. M., and on Saturday, Aug. 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of receiving claims, and hearing proofs thereof.

JOHN WISWELL, JR.,
D. N. EWELL.
Winterport, March 9, 1870. 3w36*

FISH! FISH! FISH!

LEWIS & CROSBY,

At the Foot of MAIN STREET, deal in

FISH OF ALL KINDS.

And have then fresh from the briney depths twice a week. The spotted Cod, the silvery Hake, the lively Haddock, beautiful for chowders, the mottled Mackerel, the ponderous Halibut, the translucent Smelt, the appetising Flounder, and the savory Clam,—all may be found there.

Shakspere it was who exclaimed—

"*Flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!*"

And the poet was right, as usual. He understood the question. As a diet, fish is better. Therefore should flesh be fishified. Economy sanctions it, for fish is cheaper, and quite as nutritious. It is easier of digestion. Physicians say it nourishes the brain and strengthens the mind. It is not heating, begets not humors in the blood.

Therefore, oh ye who are wise, come to the Fish Market. Order book at the store of D. Faunce & Co.

Pedlers supplied on liberal terms.

LEWIS & CROSBY, at Lewis' wharf.
Belfast, Jan. 10, 1870. 27

LUMBERMEN!

40,000 RAILROAD SLEEPERS WANTED, Having contracted for 40,000, we now offer the balance to citizens adjoining the line on the following terms, if applied for immediately—

Cedar 40 cents each; Hacmetac 38 cents each; Yellow Ash 38 cents each; of the following demensions: 9 feet long, 6 inches face, 6 inches thick.

Parties desiring to contract, must apply to C. H. WEBB, Esq., Thorndike, or to the subscribers at their office in Belfast.

The whole of the above sleepers will be paid for on the 15th day of the month succeeding their delivery after inspection and acceptance by the chief engineer.

WILSON, TENNANT & CO., Contractors.

We hereby agree to guarantee the prompt payments of the above deliveries in accordance with the terms of the advertisement. A. HAYFORD,
27 President B. & M. L. R. R.

Schooners for Sale.

A good, fast sailing, white oak, copper-fastened schr., carries one hundred thousand Bangor l

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! Oh, my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstacy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn,
So much of heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee, Oh, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward ever more,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore?

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our lives;
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope,
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I yet shall be possessed
Of woman's meed—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife;
Perhaps even more, that He
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to his loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be:
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
As its sweet lily heart, will it be wrong,

If, for an instant, wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
Oh, darling, hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is, our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clear,
Thank Him death comes at last—andos good-bye.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR ?

BY JENNIE E. HAIGHT.

What do we life for?
Is labor so lowly,
Toil so ignoble, we shrink from its stain!
Think it not—labor
Is God-like and holy:
He that is idle is living in vain.

What do we live for!
Creation is groaning,
Her desolate places are yet to be built;
The voice of the years
Swells deeper the moaning,
As time rolls along the dark tide of guilt.

What do we live for?
The question is sounding
Low is the silence, and loud in the din.
And to each heart-ear
With warm pulses bounding,
Answers come thronging, without and within.

What do we live for?
We live to be waging
Battle, unceasing, with in-dwelling sin:
We live to fight on,
In conflict engaging
Temptations without and passions within.

What do we live for?
To sow by all waters,
Fruit-bearing seeds of deeds for all years;
To toil in the ranks
With earth's sons and daughters,
Thankfully striving with doubtings and fears.

What do we live for?
We live not to rust out,
Slothfully standing aloft from the strife:
A thousands times better,
More noble to wear out,
Battered and burned in the hot forge of life.

MAGGIE'S GONE.

The following poem was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson on the eve of Miss Maggie Mitchell's departure from Boston:

Drop the curtain, and put out the lights
And alone, in the dark of the darkest nights,
Let the theatre dream of the glory shed
From the star bright brow of the charmer fled.
Maggie's gone.

And all the passions fine and strong
Told in story and sung in song,
In eye-flash felt or tear-drop seen,
Have vanished with the vanished Queen.
Maggie's gone.

Queen never passed from palace door
With retinue half so grand before;
As the love and prayers that brighted the way
Of one who made night more lovely than day.
Maggie's gone.

Actors! what have you now to show?
Your guests have much to remember, you know,
And eyes that seem to look at your play,
May see but the glory that's faded away.
Maggie's gone.

Alone by itself, the fond heart keeps
Its tryst with memory, in secret deeps;
And only one can restore the grace
And beauty that lately illumined the place.
Maggie's gone.

Drop the curtain and put out the lights;
The soul has a theatre with charmed rights;
And the dream-elves may lead us wherever they will,
But the beautiful Fanchon is played there still.
Maggie's gone.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A fearful accident occured about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon to the regular morning train on the Mississippi Central railroad, for New Orleans. The train leaving Humboldt behind time, rapidly approached Bucknel's tressle, which is forty feet high, and over a ravine. The engine crossed safely, but the remainder of the train ran off the track, crushing the tressle and completely wrecking the baggage, mail, express, and three passenger cars. The cause of the accident is believed to have been the unsound condition of the tressel timbers, which permitted rail to slip out of place, and thus switched off the cars, which crushed through the tressel or plunged into the ditch. Every car was utterly destroyed. The baggage, mail and express freights broke loose, and was scattered on the sides of the ravine, into which the train plunged. The first and second passenger cars were shattered into pieces. The remaining passenger car kept its place on the track, while the forward end rested on the wreck of the second car in the ravine, at an inclination of 50 degrees.

Among the killed was Col. Speers, a planter residing 14 miles from Jackson, who was returning from Chicago with 30 laborers; also, Mr. S. C. Moorehouse, of Elkord, Indiana, Mrs. Derkan K. Farrell, who had just arrived from Scotland via New York, and J. McDonald, Supervisor of the Southern end of the road. The names of the others could not be ascertained, but they are believed to have been from the West and South.

Among the injured was Miss Aggie Elliott, of New York, who was fastened for an hour in the wreck by the side of five men who were killed, but she was rescued without apparent injury except a badly mashed hand. Col. Samuel Tate, President of the road, was nearly suffocated by a pile of passengers being thrown upon him in the wreck, but he is now comfortable. One man's leg was badly broken and another's knee was crushed. Many were cut and bruised, and three or four are suffering severe internal injuries.

A special train from Louisville was only half an hour behind the wrecked train, with a large party of Northern and Western railroad men, with their ladies and a few passengers, including John. E. Russell and wife, Mr. J. W. Simonton, General Agent of the Associated Press, and his wife of New York, and Mr. Gordon of New Orleans. The party are all safe, and assisted in succouring the victims of the wreck.

The wounded were chiefly brought to Oxford, where the citizens proffer every assistance possible. Mr. H. C. McCarty, of Pulaski, N. Y., mail agent of the train, lightly burned, but declined medical aid.

A special despatch from Oxford, Miss., says that 17 persons were killed by the railroad accident, among whom were Col. Speers, of Brandon, Miss., Miss McDonald, the road master, two ladies and two children, names unknown. The remainder of the killed, with five exceptions, were emigrants *en route* to Texas. About 14 or 15 passengers were wounded, several fatally. Mr. McDonald's body was horribly mangled and hardly recognizable. The train, with the exception of the engine, is a completely wreck. Richard Busteed, a son of Wm. H. Busteed of New York, is also among the injured. This is not Judge Busteed.

Florida Correspondence Fort Gaines Mirror.

TERRIFIC BATTLE OF BEASTS.

The perigrinations of showmen are beset with numerous difficulties while pursuing their daily avocations in this our Southern country, which, with the usual winter rains, heavy roads, and fording of streams, makes it very difficult for the managers to make good the promises of the agents. Such was the case with John Robinson's Circus and Managerie a few days since.

While performing in Tallahassee, Fla., it was mentioned to Mr. J. F. Robinson, Jr., that he might expect some difficulty in passing through a long and dismal swamp between that place and Quincy, on account of the large number of alligators which infested the ford at this particular locality, and who are at this season of the year very ferocious, and on the watch for any unfortunate mule or horse that may become entangled in the numerous roots, quick-sands and holes, which abound at the ford; but he replied, as the agent had already made the arrangements for him to go through, and it was not his nature to turn back, he had nothing left but to follow, trusting to his previous good fortune in getting thus far. The result of his decision, although anticipating some difficulty was far more serious than he anticipated.

At 3 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, Prof. Lewis Huston, who had charge of the animals, started with the elephant Empress, the large Bactrian camel, the beautiful Arabian white camel, a fine thoroughbred mare and colt, and two spotted coach dogs, to make the trip to Quincy, although repeatedly warned not to attempt the passage of the swamp in any other than daylight. He, however, went through. Before approaching the ford an occasional bellow or roar was heard, betokening that the inhabitants of the locality had not retired for the night, and a sudden plunge and plash in the water would denote that the enemy were on the alert for mischief.

The elephant would every few steps throw her trunk aloft, emitting at the same time a loud screech of defiance, the camels uttering low moans, while the horses almost refused to stir, and stood trembling with fear, while the dogs kept up an incessant howling. Approaching the water of the ford, Houston determined upon the immediate passage through, before the alligators had time to summon their crew.

Bidding the elephant enter, she stepped boldly in, at the same time lashing the water furiously with her trunk, the camels horses and dogs following close in the rear. He had passed two-thirds of the way when a sharp yelp of pain from one of the dogs and his sudden disappearance denoted that the swamp fiends were at work, and before he could collect his thoughts the other dog went under with a long death howl.

He now began to think of his own safety, and calling to the elephant commanded her to turn, as she did. Soon a fearful roar was heard from the large Bactrian camel, who had at that instant been attacked. The water seemed alive with alligators. The roaring, bellowing and screeching of elephant, camels and alligators were terrific. They would throw their ponderous jaws open and tear huge pieces of flesh from the poor camel, while the poor brute would utter heart-rending moans and cries for relief.

In the meantime the elephant was not idle. Ever solicitous for the welfare of her keeper and companions, she had, at the moment of seeing them safely landed upon the opposite shore, rushed back to the assistance of her friend, the camel, who, by this time, was nearly gone; and by creating the greatest furore among the assailants, succeeded in bringing the head of the camel to the shore, that portion being all that remained of the poor animal.

In the confusion that ensued Houston did not miss the colt until warned by a shrill scream or neigh, which seemed to come from several rods behind. Upon rushing down the stream a few yards a terrible scene was presented to his view. It would seem that the denizens of the Chattahooches swamp for miles around had become cognizant of some extra attraction at that particular point on this night, and had started for the rendezvous, and upon reaching the scene of action had unexpectedly encountered both food and opposition at the same time, for simultaneous with the meeting of the colt they met their pursuers and an awful battle ensued.

Several times it seemed as if the colt would escape and regain the shore, so busy were the alligators in destroying each other; but just before the poor creature would reach the land some monster, more ravenous than brave, would leave the melee, pursue and drag it back into deep water, and finally it became exhausted and fell an easy prey to the fearful reptiles, while Prof. Houston stood looking on with blanched and terrified looks, wholly unable to render the least assistance, threatened with a terrible death should he even attempt it.

As he turned to retrace his steps toward the place where he left the remaining animals he counted the cost. He had made the passage, but a terrible sacrifice. He had started with an elephant, two camels, two dogs, and two horses. He came out with an elephant, one camel and one horse. The camel was valued at $5,000, and very rare. The colt Mr. Robinson had repeatedly refused $1,000 for. It will be many a long year before Mr. Houston will forget the horrors of passing through a Florida swamp at night.

SALE OF OFFICES.

The sale of cadetships by members of Congress is but a small matter when compared with other corrupt practices of leading men in the Government. Congressmen make a business of trafficing in appointments. But if the fact that a Congressman has procured the appointment of a man to any office from whom he has received money convicts him of selling the appointment, then does not the same fact in the President convict him ot the same offence? And what are a few of the facts in Grant's case? Stewart raised and gave the money to purchase a house in Washington for Grant, and Stewart was made Secretary of the Treasury. Borie did the same in respect to Grant's Philadelphia house, and Borie was appointed Secretary of the Navy. Hoar gave Grant a valuable library, and was appointed Attorney General. Fish was a generous contributor to the "Gift Enterprise," and he was made Secretary of State. Grinnell gave liberally for the house, and he was made Collector at New York. Butterfield engineered the house "testimonial," and he was made Sub-Treasurer at New York; and we might extend the list almost indefinitely.

Now if the sale of a petty cadetship is such a crime and such proof of rottenness, what are we to consider the sale of Cabinet and other high appointments? If the one excites such virtuous indignation in and out of Congress, what ought to be the feeling in regard to the other? If Whittemore is to be expelled for his petty offence, why should not Grant be impeached for his long series of much more grave offences of the same nature?

Now the treatment of Whittemore will indicate the feelings of the House in regard to Grant's gross corruption in the disposal of the highest offices under him. If he is expelled, it must be regarded, as it will be intended, as a stern rebuke and warning to Grant; but if he is not expelled, it will be because a majority of the Radicals are not able to screw their courage up to the sticking point as to Grant. As corrupt and criminal as Whittemore's offence is, it is small and venial compared to those of Grant in the same line; and his is but one, while Grant's are counted by the score. [N. H. Patriot.

Capt. C. F. Hall proposes to make another search for a North East passage. He intends to start with a 150-ton steam propelier, to be provided with sails. He will also have a topsail schooner of about 150 tons. His route will be into Jones' Sound, and thence by sea and land as circumstances favor to the pole.

New Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED.—For our New Book "THE EXPOSE, or MORMONS and MORMONISM." By a Sister of a High Priest, and a resident for 15 years among them. *Illustrated. Pages 472. Price $2.* Giving a full and authentic account of their moral, social and political condition to the present time, and of the mysteries and workings of **Polygamy**. *Full of startling facts and astonishing disclosures.* Sold only by subscription. Exclusive territory given. Circulars and sample sheets sent free. Address BELKNAP & BLISS, Hartford, Conn.

Agents Wanted for the New Book
SECRETS OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
By a Prominent Officer of the Treasury Service, showing up the *secrets and inner workings* of the Revenue Department, the Whiskey Ring, Gold Ring, and Drawback Frauds, Systematic Robbery, Depredations, Conspiracies and Raids on the Government, Malfeasance, Tyranny and Corruption of high Officials. *The most startling and important book published.* Containing about **500** well-filled pages, spiritedly illustrated. **Sold by subscription only.** Send for Circular and special terms. **WM. FLINT,** *Publisher.* Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
The Capture, the Prison-Pen and the Escape.
BY CAPT. WILLARD WORCESTER GLAZIER, "*The New York Soldier Author.*"
This is the most *thrilling*, the most *popular*, and the *best selling* Book ever published. Send $2, and we will forward *sample copy* and all necessary instructions concerning the business. Address R. H. FERGUSON & Co., *Publishers, New York.*

RESPECTABLE Intelligent Persons of either sex, who desire to know how they may realize from $1000 to $3000 a year, introducing valuable and popular books, may address LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston, Mass. ☞*State what paper you saw this in.*

The DOLLAR Sun.
CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.
The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2; and WEEKLY, $1 a year. ALL THE NEWS at half-price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. $1,000 Life Insurance, Grand Piano, Mowing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.
I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

(ESTABLISHED 1840.)
WELCH & GRIFFITHS,
Saws! Axes! Saws!
SAWS of all descriptions. AXES, BELTING and MILL FURNISHINGS. CIRCULAR SAWS with Solid Teeth, or with PATENT ADJUSTABLE POINTS, *superior to all Inserted Teeth Saws.*
☞Prices Reduced.☜
☞Send for Price List and Circulars.☜
WELCH & GRIFFITHS, Boston, Mass., or Detroit, Mich.

Mild, Certain, Safe, Efficient. It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discovered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital functions, without causing injury to any of them. The most complete success has long attended its use in many localities; and it is now offered to the general public with the conviction that it can never fail to accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irritation, and never over taxes or excites the nervous system. In all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys,—of children, and in many difficulties peculiar to women, it brings prompt relief and certain cure. The best physicians recommend and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this, will voluntarily return to the use of any other cathartic.
Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
1 Box, $0.25 - - - Postage 6 cents
5 Boxes, 1.00 " 15 "
12 " 2.25 " 30 "
Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
One package - - - $1.00 - - - Postage 6 cents.
Six packages - - - 5.00 - - - " 27 "
It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors, 120 Tremont, Street, Boston, Mass.

TEN PER CT. COUPON BONDS.
First-Class Investments.
Which we sell with **Guaranty of Convertibility.**
Best of references given. **Send for Circulars.**
WILKINS & CO., Bond Brokers, Detroit, Michigan.

Aromatic Vegetable Soap.

For the Delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHERMAN HOUSE, BOSTON.
Formerly Hancock House, Court Square.
KEPT ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Rooms, One Dollar per day for each person.
This House now stands among the first Hotels in Boston, having been lately refurnished and put in perfect order. BARNEY HULL, Proprietor.

"Buy Me, and I'll Do You Good."
DR. LANGLEY'S **Root and Herb Bitters** are a sure remedy for Liver Complaint in all its forms, Humors of the Blood and Skin, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Headache and Billious Diseases, General Debility, &c., They cleanse the system, regulate the bowels, restore the appetite, purify the blood, strengthen the body, and thoroughly prepare it to resist diseases of all kinds. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston. Sold by all Druggists.

Agents! Read This!
WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address, M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$25 A DAY!—40 new articles for Agents. Samples *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

"Economy is Wealth."---FRANKLIN.
WHY will people pay $50 or more for a SEWING MACHINE when $22 will buy one that has a *standard* reputation, is double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new and practical principles, runs by friction, and excels all others? These celebrated Machines, *fully licensed*, are intended for poor people who want to save time, labor and money. *Agents Wanted.* Machines sent to Agents and *given away* to needy families. For circulars and reduced prices, address J. G. OTIS & Co., or Franklin and Diamond S. M. Co., Box 397, Boston, Mass.

FOUND AT LAST.—Watches superseded. The Dollar Time Keeper. **A perfect Gem.** Elegantly cased in Oroide of Gold, superior compass attachment, enameled dial, silver and brass works, glass crystal, size of ladies' watch. Will denote **correct** time, warranted **five** years, superb and showy case, entirely of metal. This is no **wood** compass. Is entirely new, patented. **6,500** sold in three weeks. Only $1 each, three for $2, in neat case, mailed free. Trade supplied. Address E. C. CHASE & CO., Springfield, Mass.

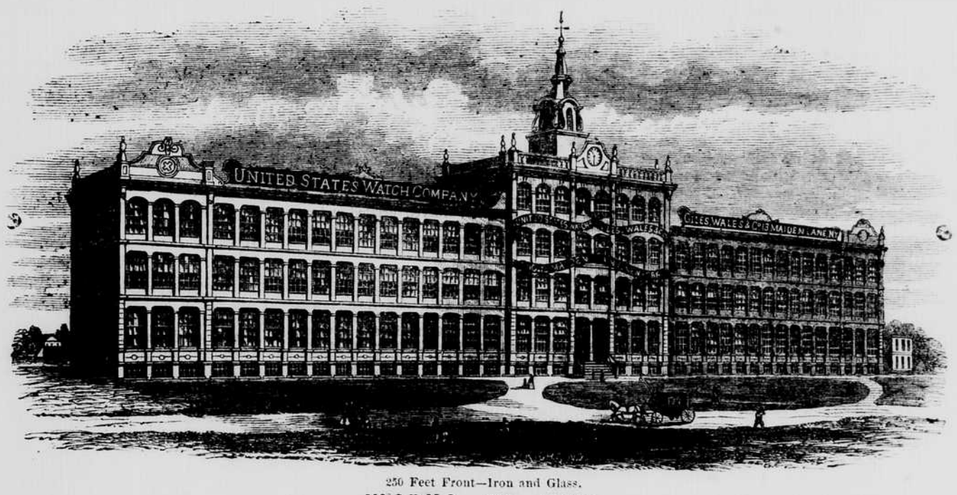
PSYCHOMANCY. FASCINATION OR SOUL-CHARMING.—400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal, at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., No. 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. C. W. Millard s
FEMALE SILVER PILLS.
An unfailing remover of obstructions, and a certain regulator of the monthly turn. *Infallible, Harmless and Trustworthy.* Sent free by mail to any address on receipt of One Dollar.
P. O. BOX **3620**, New York City.

MANHOOD and Womanhood.—Essays for Young Men, *free*, in sealed envelopes. HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Box P, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gray's Linen Collars and
CUFFS AT
H. L. LORD'S.
Call at No. 10 High St

Farm for Sale.
THE SUBSCRIBER offers his farm for sale, situated in Northport, on a good road, and in a healthy and pleasant location, thirty minutes ride from the Post Office, Depot and Steamboat wharves. Said farm contains 54 acres good land, suitably divided into Tillage, Pasture and Woodland. Well fenced, well watered and good buildings, house new. A large orchard of the best fruit, with Crab-apple and Pear trees, Grape vines, Cherry, Currant, Wilson and Agricultural Strawberry, &c.
Stock and Tools sold at a fair valuation if desired. Terms easy. Apply to J. C. LEWIS, Belfast, Maine.
Nov. 30, 1869. tf21



250 Feet Front—Iron and Glass.

WORKS OF THE
UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY,
(GILES, WALES & CO.) MARION, N. J.
GILES, WALES & CO.,
IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND JOBBERS
SALES-ROOM OF THE **UNITED STATES WATCH CO.,**
13 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.
MANUFACTURERS Of all the Grades of AMERICAN WATCHES, PENDANT WINDERS AND KEY WINDERS,
BOTH NICKEL AND FROSTED MOVEMENTS.

The finer grades all having three pairs **Conical Pivots, Cap Jeweled, in Gold Settings,** and accurately adjusted to *Heat, Cold and Position*; and all, even in the cheapest grades, have the STRAIGHT LINE Escapement, with Exposed Pallet Jewels, and Hardened and Tempered Hair Springs; and for our late improvement in STEM WINDING mechanism we claim a *STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY,* and *SMOOTHNESS* hitherto unattained in any other manufacture, at home or abroad.
Constantly on hand, full lines, all sizes, in Gold, Silver, Diamond Set and Magic Cases, Minute Repeaters, Independent 1-4, 1-5 Split and Fly-back Seconds, for taking three different times, for timing horses, Artillerymen, &c.
☞Price List furnished the trade on application, enclosing business card. For sale by the trade generally. Beware of worthless imitations, with which the country is flooded. INSIST on a certificate of genuineness from those of whom you purchase, and see that the words, MARION, N. J., are engraved on the plate over the main spring barrel. All others are spurious.

Wholesale Rooms, 13 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,
And GILES, BROTHER & CO., 142 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

HON. L. E. CHITTENDEN'S Certificate.
☞WATCH No. 1089, Stem Winder—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me from December, 1868, to January 17th, 1870; its total variation being only *two seconds* in the entire time.
New York, Jan. 17, 1870. L. E. CHITTENDEN, Late Register U. S. Treasury.

WATCH No. 1124—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co.," manufactured by the U. S. Watch Co. has been carried by me seven months; its total variation from mean time being only six seconds. A. L. DENNIS, President N. J. R. R. & T. Co.

WATCH No. 1125, Stem Winder—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me 14 months; 6 months of that time at sea, and in all the various climates of Europe. During that time and since my return it has not varied one second per week.
H. LASSING, Manager Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co., 161 Broadway, N. Y.
UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1870.

WATCH No. 1058, Stem Winder—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by U. S. Watch Co., has been carried by me twenty months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month. J. C. PRIEST, Asst. Supt. N. Y. C. & H. R. R.
UTICA, N. Y. Feb. 14, 1870.

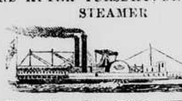
WATCH No. 2617—bearing Trade-Mark, "Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J." manufactured by U. S. Watch Co., has been carried by me 12 months; Its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds.
I. VROOMAN, Engineer N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

WATCH No. 1037 Stem Winder—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by U. S. Watch Co., has been carried by me since June, 1867; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month. HENRY SMITH, Treas. Panama R. R. 88 Wall Street.

WATCH No. 1201—bearing Trade-Mark, "U. S. Watch Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me five months; its total variation from mean time being only twelve seconds. GEO. LOVIS, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway.

WATCH No. 1259—bearing Trade-Mark, "Frederic Atherson & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by U. S. Watch Co., has been carried by me six months; its total variation from mean time being only seven seconds. A. L. DENNIS, President Elastic Cone Spring Co., N. J. Car Spring and R. Co.

1yr34 **For Sale by C. HERVEY, Watchmaker and Jeweller, BELFAST.**

NOTICE.
OF AND AFTER TUESDAY, DEC. 7TH, THE STEAMER

KATAHDIN.
CAPT. HENRY S. RICH.
Will make but one trip per week during the winter.
Leaving Belfast every TUESDAY. **Returning,** leave Boston every FRIDAY. GEO. G. WELLS, Agent.
tf22

BELFAST CITY BONDS,
EXEMPT FROM TAXATION!
BY A DECISION of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, just received, these bonds are not liable to the internal revenue tax of FIVE PER CENT, like railroad bonds, or bonds given by towns or cities in aid of a railroad, or by way of a loan of credit to a railroad company.
This consideration gives Belfast City Bonds A GREAT ADVANTAGE over the bonds of towns and cities which are subject to this tax, and makes them by far the most desirable investment in the market.
Nearly fifty thousand dollars of these bonds were sold before the decision of the Commissioner was received—and investers will find it for their advantage to send in *immediately*, as no assurance can be given that any thing more than *a limited* amount will be disposed of at former rates. TIMO. THORNDIKE, City Treasurer.
tf10

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
—OF—
NEW YORK
Office No. 63 William Street.
THIS Company issues all kinds of Life and Endowment Insurance Policies. Especial attention is called to a new provision, contained in Policies issued by this Company, by which after the payment of five or more annual premiums, they may be converted into Annuities.
This provision is in addition to the ordinary non-forfeiting character of the Policies of this or any other Company. Policy holders participate in the profits of the Company, and are allowed thirty days grace, for the payment of renewal premiums,
Dividends applied at the option of the assured.
No restriction upon residence or travel in the United States or Europe. **SAMUEL T. HOWARD,** President.
J. I. WATTS, General Agent, South Brooks, Me.
CHARLES AUSTIN, BURTON FOSTER, FRED CUSHMAN, GEO. MAYO, FRED PITCHER, } Special Agents. 24

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

LOOK! LOOK!
INTO
No. 11 PHŒNIX ROW,
and see the largest stock of
New Furniture
ever offered in this city. PARLOR SUITS of the LATEST STYLES
JUST OPENING.
LOOK! LOOK! at the quality and prices of our CUSTOM MADE WALNUT and CHESTNUT CHAMBER SETS, ETAGERES, SIDE-BOARDS, WHAT-NOTS, &c., &c.
LOOK at our large stock of COMMON FURNITURE, PINE CHAMBER SETS, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, &c., &c.
LOOK and see our prices, so cheap that all can buy and not to be undersold in the State.
C. D. FIELD. tf18 A. B. MATHEWS.

Unfailing Eye Preservers.

LAZARUS & MORRIS'
CELEBRATED
Perfected Spectacles
and EYE GLASSES.
☞For Sale at CALVIN HERVEY'S, Agent, Belfast. JAMES EMERY, Jeweler, Bucksport. tf15

Dr. Ham's Aromatic Invigorator
Removes from the system the ill effects caused by the excessive use of alcholic liquors, and effectually destroys the appetite for these stimulants. It gives tone to debilitated mucous surfaces. Efecte matter is removed from the system, thereby restoring it to normal healthful condition. As a medicine it is quick and effectual, curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, and all other Derangements of the Stomach and Bowels in a speedy manner. This elegant preparation has stood the test of years. A wine-glass full before eating will give a good appetite, and prevent all suffering from indigestion. Ladies of weak and delicate constitutions should take the Invigorator three times a day. A wine-glass full before retiring will insure sweet and refreshing sleep. All the proprietor asks is a trial, and to induce this he has put up the Invigorator in pint bottles at 50 cents—quarts, $1.00 Principal Depot, 45 Central wharf, Boston. Sold by all druggists.
Sold in Belfast by S. A. HOWES & CO.
In Stockton, by JOHN M. AMES and MRS. P. K. KIMBALL. 1y5

Phthisic! Phthisic !
LEWIS' INHALANT, for the Phthisic,
Always Relieves
the most Distressing cases of Phthisic in a few minutes. Inhaled with the breath, it goes directly to the Lungs and air cells, and relief is immediate and certain.
PATENTED, May 18, 1869.
Price 75 cts. By Mail $1.00.
J. C. LEWIS, Proprietor, Belfast, Maine.
1f50

CAUTION
To Females in Delicate Health.
DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott St., Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Fluor Albus, Suppression, and other menstrual derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedy relief guaranteed in a very few days. So invariably certain is this new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.
Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.
Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.
Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.
N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Boston July 25 1869. 1y4

A Cure or Money Refunded.

For Sale by all Druggists.
Mailed on receipt of Price. Address,
EATON & CO.,
Green's Landing, Me.
For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by
S. A. HOWES & CO.
tf37 Belfast, Maine.

MEDICAL ILLUMINATION!
THE NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY BRANCH,
250 CONGRESS ST., Portland, Me.
HENDERSON AND STAPLES, Agents for the State of Maine. We have just arrived in PORTLAND with a full supply of the celebrated **UNIVERSITY MEDICINES.** These Curatives are the favorite prescriptions of the New York Medical University. What may seem almost incredible is the astonishing rapidity with which they cure diseases hitherto considered incurable. A valuable Book free, containing important Physiological information for everybody. Agents wanted in every town in the State. We would be pleased to communicate with any one desiring an agency for the sale of the University Medicines.
F. P. HENDERSON, M. D., Consulting Physician, cases cured by Contract. Medical Advice, free. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock in the evening. Address all letters to
HENDERSON & STAPLES, Agents, University Branch, 250 Congress St., Portland' Maine.
tf23

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICINES.
FOR SALE BY
R. H. MOODY, Druggist and Apothecary, corner Main and High streets, sole authorized agent in Belfast.
The above medicines cures Cancer, Scrofula, Tumors of all kinds, all diseases of the skin, Ulcers of the throat catarrh, rheumatism, &c. RICHARD H. MOODY.
tf39

NOTICE.
WILLIAM B. SWAN & CO., having purchased the Stores, Storehouses and Wharf of H. J. ANDERSON, JR., are now opening an entire new stock, consisting in part of the following articles.
CORN, GRANULATED SUGAR, JAVA COFFEE, FLOUR, COFFEE " RIO " PORK, HAVANA " JAPAN TEA BEEF, ST. JAGO " OOLONG " LARD, MUSCOVADO " RAISINS TOBACCO, SPICES, SALT, OATS, FISH, &c.
A full and complete assortment of Groceries, which we invite purchasers to call and examine, and we will make prices satisfactory.
WM. B. SWAN, A. CUTTER SIBLEY.
Belfast, May 1, 1869. tf43

NEW GOODS.
CORN, FLOUR, GROCERIES, &c.
Geo. O. Bailey,
has taken the store formerly occupied by F. A. Knowlton, at the foot of Main street, and is opening an entire new stock, which will be sold at prices to suit the times.
GEO. O. BAILEY.
Belfast, Dec. 14, 1869. 1f23

FOR SALE.
Billiard Tables at Reduced Prices.
NEW and second-hand carom or four pockets, all sizes, with the latest combination spring cushions, better than all the patent humbug standard Rees or whalebone cushions. Catgut cushions excluded. Please call before purchasing elsewhere. H. HEIMS, 106 Sudbury street, Boston. 29

Belfast Savings Bank.
NOW IS THE TIME TO DEPOSIT.
"A penny saved is a penny earned."
DEPOSITS made on or before the 1st of December, January, February, March or April, will be placed upon interest on the 1st of each month.
Deposits received daily at the Banking Room, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Saturdays from 9 to 12 A. M.
JOHN H. QUIMBY, Treas. ASA FAUNCE, Prest.
Belfast, Nov. 15, 1869. tf19

METALLIC CASES
always on hand of all sizes, from two feet to six feet six inches.
WALNUT CASKETS always on hand, or made to order, and trimmed in the LATEST STYLE.
HARD WOOD CASKETS, ready made at LOW PRICES.
COFFINS CHEAP.
No. 11 Phœnix Row.
C. D. FIELD, tf18 A. B. MATHEWS.

SHIRT PATTERNS
—CUT AT—
H. L. LORD'S
No. 10 High St.

DR. FOSTER'S
Instant Relief from Pain!
TRADE FRANKLIN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. MARK.
A Sure Cure and Instant Relief.
For Burns, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Colic, Cramps, Bites and Stings, Sprains, Dysentery, Sick & Nervous Headache, Pimples on the Skin, Chilblains, Worms in Children.
The King of Pain Killers! Its Effects are Magical!
Ask your Druggist for it, and if he has not got it, he will order it for you.
Manufactured by the Franklin Medical Association, No. 28 Winter St., Boston, Mass.
This Association are also Proprietors and Manufacturers of Dr. Foster's justly celebrated Catarrh Remedy.
1yr18

CONSTANCE KID GLOVE,
Excelled by none.
ONCE WORN ALWAYS THE FAVORITE.
EVERY LADY SHOULD ASK FOR IT.
For sale by all the principal Dry Goods Stores in New England. **LEWIS BROWN & CO., Sole Agents,** 44 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON. 3m31

PARKER'S
BREECH-LOADING, DOUBLE BARRELED
SHOT GUN
BEST IN THE WORLD.
PARKER BROTHERS WEST MERIDEN. CONN.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
New York Office 27 BEEKMAN ST.

COUGHS COLDS
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
INFLUENZA CONSUMPTION
This well-known remedy does not dry up a Cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations; but it loosens and cleanses the lungs, and allays irritation, thus *removing the cause* of the complaint. SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

PHILO CHASE,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
14 WALL STREET,
New York.
8tf

G. P. LOMBARD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(Office first door south of Hayford Block.)
CHURCH STREET, tf19 BELFAST, MAINE.
☞Nitrous Oxide Gas or Ether administered.

F. S. NICKERSON,
*COUNSELLER